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ἀληθείων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—Speaking the truth in love.

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## Au Courant.

POPE has told us that the proper study of mankind is man. I suppose he included womankind as well. Rubinstein, at any rate, did. "Well, friend Steinway," said he on one occasion to the noted piano-maker, "I think ladies ought never to study music. At least, they ought not to take up the time of teachers who are able to teach, and make true artists. And I will tell you why. There is no question but that there are twenty musical ladies to one musical man, and my own experience is that they learn more quickly, have more poetry, and, in fact, are more diligent pupils than men. But what is the invariable result? When a young lady has become a perfect artist, some handsome moustache comes along, and she chooses the handsome moustache in preference to her art." Steinway was staggered at this, and made feeble protest. Then he learned from Rubinstein that his favourite lady pupil—who was but twenty-one, and to his idea the greatest pianist of the time—had just announced to him her engagement to a handsome Russian officer. And why not? One does not quite see the policy of relegating musical ladies to the ranks of the old maids.

HAYDN, as we all know, composed best when he wore a certain ring; Wagner liked to be dressed out like an Eastern potentate when he put pen to music paper; and Rossini never did so well as when, seated in the open air, he had champagne and sunshine for his companions. With M. Saint-Saëns it seems to be solely a matter of keeping up the temperature. The eminent composer, as we learn, has just completed a new opera called *Brunhilde*, and in the process he has pretty well gone round the circuit of the sun. It was too cold in Paris, so he went to Toulouse. This in turn got too chilly, and he proceeded first to Algiers, then to Egypt, afterwards to Ceylon, and finally to Cochin China! Ismail seemed to suit very well, but did not afford the right stimulus for the last act, inspiration for which had to be sought in the Indian Ocean, and again in Cochin China. One does not know whether to envy M. Saint-Saëns or to pity him. On the whole, perhaps, the pity has it. Young man, aged to write his *Ode to Sunrise* by candlelight, and the composer ought surely to be independent of the thermometer.

A FEW years ago Sir Charles and Lady Hallé went during the summer for a prolonged tour in Australia. Although contracts have not yet been signed, the two propose to tour in South Africa, which last year Miss Macintyre discovered to be a genuinely musical colony. It is not often that a musician of seventy-six undertakes so long a journey for professional

purposes; but Sir Charles is as hale and hearty as many other men twenty years younger. Lady Hallé, according to a Continental report, will give recitals in America during the winter, and will then retire from the concert platform and settle down in her native country. Will she take Sir Charles with her into retirement?

THERE seems to be increasing difficulty in getting composers to write new works for the great English festivals, and I don't wonder at it. Festival committees are very stingy when it comes to a question of terms with the composer; and a musician who cannot count upon continued life for a festival work is quite right in declining to waste his time on an oratorio or cantata for which he will be paid less than the *prima donna* who sings in it. The money paid for one or two songs at a festival is in some cases so large that the composer of good music might think himself lucky if he earned as much by a whole year's work. The public is, however, more interested in performers than in compositions, and the supply must meet the demand.

THE authorities in Holland have so little respect for the juvenile pianist, that the other day at Haarlem a police-inspector strove to prevent a recital by Master Koczalski on the ground that the law prohibited child labour. "He is earning his living by his hands; therefore he is working," said the inspector, who was persuaded, with considerable difficulty, that art, not labour, was the vocation of the youthful pianist, who is said not to have reached his tenth year. I agree with the remark of a contemporary that, if the police had orders to take some of the infant prodigies from the platform until their powers had fully developed under a sound and not forcing system of study, many lovers of music would be grateful.

THE *Chicago Tribune*, in a recent issue, gives a fresh instance of Jenny Lind's generosity—a generosity which has often been contrasted with the greed and selfishness of Madame Patti. In this particular instance the charity of the Swedish nightingale took the form of endowing a church in Chicago. The Swedes in that pork-packing centre of civilization had begun trying to form a congregation in 1849; and when Jenny Lind was in America in 1851, they conceived the notion of asking her to subscribe towards the erection of a church. She subscribed handsomely, and subsequently gave the congregation an elegant communion set, which is said to be the most elaborate, as well as costly, in Chicago. When we hear of Patti doing something of this kind we had better get ready for the millennium.

PATTI, by the way, has been presented with the Beethoven gold medal of the Philharmonic Society. What Patti has done that a serious-minded body like the Philharmonic should

present her with a gold medal I am sure I don't know. Art with the diva has always seemed to me to be quite a secondary consideration, the prime matter of importance with her being apparently the gross receipts. However, there is no reason why the Philharmonic, if so minded, should not make a fool of itself by adding one more to "the proudest moments of my life." Patti's moments, one had thought, were all proud; but in the case of this medal "the compliment to myself" is intensified "by the knowledge that I am the only artist to whom it has been presented." Yes, Patti is always aiming at the unique, even in the matter of the gross receipts. But she has made a mistake in thinking that she alone has been the recipient of the Beethoven medal. There have been close on a score of recipients.

IT is wonderful what elements of disturbance may lie in the sound of a "great amen." A correspondent tells of a church where they sing "Amen" to the last hymn only at each service: to sing it after any of the other hymns would be "going over to Rome." So that you may have the same hymn both with and without the "Amen," according to its place in the service! Yes, I do think that the ancient folks at this church should be embalmed and placed in glass cases at the British Museum. But there are other instances where they have too much of the "Amen." Macbeth was sorry that "Amen" stuck in his throat; the Rev. F. C. Fisher, of St. Saviour's Church, Clapham, is sorry that the "Amens" of a certain lady member of his congregation don't remain in hers. Indeed he is so sorry that he has brought the lady before the magistrate, and the unfeeling magistrate has not only cast the offender in a fine, but has required her to find some one who will become responsible for the repression of her musical ardour. This is certainly hard on a person who declares that if everybody were to say their "Amens" as she does there would be more worship.

WHAT does the Royal College of Organists exist for? Apparently for itself, and for the examiners who are from time to time engaged by it. I find that last year the receipts of the College mounted up to the nice little sum of £1,962. Examination and diploma fees brought in £725, and out of this sum the examiners took £240. The sale of the College millinery produced £31. The old fossils who "lectured" at the institution ran off with £19; and the public appreciated the fossils so much that they paid just 13s. 6d. to hear them! The College is certainly prosperous. It has a sum of £3,180 invested, and yet it continues to fleece poor candidates in the supposed interests of the art. Last year the Fellowship was passed by only 24 candidates out of 153, and the Associateship by 78 out of 256. It is a fine thing then to swell the receipts by the fees of the non-successfuls!

MY contemporary, the *Violet Cover*, has lately taken to story-telling. Here are two of its anec-

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notes. A certain well-known lawyer, who had an excellent voice, went to the service at a certain church one Sunday. A prominent cotton-broker was seated just behind him, and was singing at the top of his voice, no time, no tune. "I wish, sir, you would either moderate your voice or sing in tune," said the lawyer. "Go to the devil!" replied the cotton-broker. "I came here to praise the Lord, not to please you." And *apropos* of the longevity of lay clerks in cathedral choirs we have the following, told by a well-known organist. On one occasion he was exasperated beyond the bounds of endurance by the unearthly sounds proceeding from a certain direction. Thinking he had "spotted" his man, he addressed the supposed offender, by name (a certain ancient relic, who had been a senior member of the choir before the organist was born). "Oh! no, sir, there you are quite wrong," was the querulous answer, "for I have not sung a note these fifty years!" N.B.—He had drawn his salary.

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AN interesting account of what is generally known as Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book was given at a recent meeting of the R.C.O. by Mr. Fuller Maitland. The collection was transcribed by one Francis Tregrain, who died in 1619. The book formerly belonged to Dr. Pepusch, from whom it passed into the hands of Lord Fitzwilliam, and it is now in the Fitzwilliam library at Cambridge. Mr. Maitland and Mr. Barclay Squire have together made a transcription of its contents, and the book will be published shortly by Novello. The notation of the MS. seems to form a link between the old and the new. Two six-lined staves are used, and there are two lines for middle C. Bars are employed, but only in a casual way; and the time-signatures are the semicircle and the barred semicircle.

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MESSRS. JACK, the Edinburgh publishers, have begun the issue of what will, when completed, form a very notable collection of English national melody and folk song. The work, which will run to eight volumes, is to include the favourite songs of all classes of the English people during three centuries up to 1840. The general editor is to be Mr. Baring Gould, who declares that he has been engaged for ten years in collecting the folk music of the English people. The airs are being arranged, in both notations, by V. Fleetwood Sheppard, F. W. Russell, and Mr. W. H. Hopkinson. Messrs. Jack it may be added, have already published collections of the kind for Scotland and Wales so that when this new work is finished there will only be Ireland to look after.

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SOME hitherto unpublished letters of Berlioz, which have been appearing in *Le Temps*, show us again how bright and witty was "the man of letters without stops, which one reads in one breath if one is able, if one has plenty of breath, that is to say if one is not out of breath." So Berlioz referred to himself. One of those letters was written from London in 1853, at the time when Berlioz and Wagner were conducting symphony concerts in the metropolis. Here is an extract: "At Ella's matinée, where the said Ella introduces to his public Meyerbeer, between two bishops. Departure of Wagner after good Mr. Hogarth has introduced him in his turn to Meyerbeer, asking these two celebrities if they know each other. Delight of Wagner on leaving London. Excess of indignation against him amongst all the critics after the last concert at Hanover square; indeed, he conducts in the same fashion that Klindworth plays on the

piano, but he is very amusing in his ideas and conversation. When we go to drink punch with him after the concert he renews his acquaintance with me, eagerly welcomes me, saying that he was much prepossessed by me, he sheds tears, stamps on the floor. Hardly has he taken his departure than the *Musical World* publishes the passage in his book in which he cuts me up in the most amusing and witty manner. Great delight on the part of Davison on translating it for me. 'The world is a stage,' Shakespeare and Cervantes have said. Ella makes me a present of a splendid volume, the complete works of this same Shakespeare—'poet,' as they have taken the precaution of informing visitors to the Crystal Palace."

The Wagner book to which Berlioz refers is of course the "Opera and Drama," a summary of which the *Musical World* was publishing at the time.

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IT must be rather difficult for Mr. Frederick E. Weatherley's legal clients to realize that the song-writer and the barrister are the same person. But there is no doubt about the combination. For many years Mr. Weatherley was a private "coach" at Oxford, and in that capacity was engaged during term time for eleven hours a day in cramming undergraduates with logic, law, and political economy. Comparatively recently he gave up Oxford life, came to London, was called to the Bar, and, as if to emphasize the connection between law and literature, he collaborated with Mr. Cutler in a handbook of musical and dramatic copyright law. The same connection has been further illustrated in Mr. Weatherley's appearance in the Law Courts in many well-known copyright cases. But he is not a specialist, and is now settled in general practice in his native Bristol. As at Oxford, during his "coaching" days, he found time to write the many songs which have made him famous; so now, amidst the more distracting elements of a busy barrister's life, he still finds time to keep the song world full of his productions. I wonder how many songs the author of "Nancy Lee" has written from first to last?

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SOME curious experiments in the way of adapting the telephone to musical performances are being made in America. Not long ago a pianist in New York "played" for Theodore Thomas, who was in Chicago, and was at once engaged for one of the Chicago concerts. More recently, Herr Bohlmann reports having played in Cincinnati and transmitted his programme to Pittsburg, 400 miles distant, so that not a single note was missed. The idea is full of endless possibilities. Only it does away with the use of the opera-glass, and can never, therefore, become popular.

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PIANISTS are really becoming generous. Rubinstein once went through a whole programme to an invalid lady who had been unable to attend his recital; and now we have a story about Paderewski playing "all for nothing" to a mysterious lady at his hotel. The story comes from the *Bristol Mercury*, and the place of the incident was Clifton. It seems that no sooner had the popular pianist arrived at his hotel than he found a courteously-worded letter asking him to allow an invalid lady to call upon him and hear him play one piece, promising in return for "this great treat" a *douceur* of half a guinea, which was tendered with much apology. The letter was so worded as to be a courteous and delicate appeal to the pianist's generosity. The letter had the desired effect, and he appointed a time. Punctual to the moment the lady appeared, and Paderewski

played her a few pieces. The lady thanked him, and slipped the promised half-guinea, in the most gracious mode of tip-giving, into his palm. "Ah! what is this?" blandly asked the pianist. "The half-guinea I promised you." "I really believe," he answered, with a smile, "that I shall be able to get to the next town without it," saying which he returned the proffered largesse, bowed the lady out, and sat down to his interrupted meal. This story should henceforward be quoted as an offset to the Torquay incident of some months ago.

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WHEN, in 1831, Paganini [was drawing crowds to the opera house at extravagant prices, the *Sunday Times* printed the following lines:

"What are they who pay three guineas  
To hear a tune of Paganini's?  
Echo—Pack o' ninnies!"

## Coming Orchestral Concerts.

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FEW years since London had scarcely any orchestral music, for at that time the Philharmonic Society could not be counted. Then Mr. Henschel, apparently stimulated by Richter's success, came on the scene, and, though his concerts have never achieved high reputation, they have done some service by hammering into the wooden British noddle the notion that orchestral music is worth hearing occasionally. Last year Mr. A. Schulz-Curtius introduced Mottl to us; this year he brings Levy in addition; and Mr. Mayer is fetching Nikisch.

The Richter concerts, as usual, will take place in St. James's Hall, and the date of the first is May 20. On that evening will be played: Wagner's *Kaisermarsch*, Good-Friday music, and *Walküre* Rede; Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Weber's *Oberon* Overture, and Brahms' variations on a theme by Haydn. On May 27 we get Tschajkowsky's Symphony Pathétique, Professor Stanford's new piano concerto (which will be played by Mr. Leonard Borwick), the Leonora overture No. 3, and the Prelude and Death-song from *Tristan*. At the third concert a new overture by Dvorak—"In der Natur"—will make its appearance; Smetana's Symphonic poem "Sarka" will also be given to a Richter audience for the first time. The fourth programme nothing but Wagner will be played.

Levy's first concert will be April 25, and the programme contains no novelty. On May 22, however, Mottl comes on the scene with the Overture and the whole of Act II. of the *Flying Dutchman*, and a selection from *Die Götterdämmerung*, including the introductory hour's scene, Siegfried's parting from Brünnhilde and the journey to the Rhine, Siegfried's meeting with the Rhine Daughters, his Narrative, Death and the gigantic Funeral March. Siegfried Wagner will conduct on June 6, and this concert may be disregarded as of no importance. But on June 20 Mottl returns to play a heroic Beethoven, Berlioz, and Wagner programme; and on July 4 he gives us selections from *Die Meistersinger* and *Parsifal*, besides a Weber overture. The *Meistersinger* selection includes the second part of Act II., and from *Parsifal* we are to have the whole of the third act. Mr. Schulz-Curtius deserves the very warmest thanks of everyone who loves Wagner's music, for these magnificent programmes.





## ❖ The Bach Festival. ❖

### GENESIS OF THE NOTION.

LAST year in March the Bach Choir gave a performance of the *Matthew Passion*, which was condemned by many critics and as strongly praised by many others. A fierce battle ensued and the results were that on the one hand many critics became fixed in the belief that the Bach Choir never had done and never would do any good for itself; and on the other hand, that the Bach choir came to the conclusion that they alone could sing Bach rightly, and that it was high time that they displayed their powers on a larger scale than had hitherto been thought of. Hence the notion of the Bach festival. Of course this is not the official explanation of the festival. That explanation is to the effect that we have had Handel festivals and other composers' festivals, and the cause of "musical progress" would be advanced if we likewise had a Bach festival. And this, between you and me, reader, is the purest of pure bunkum.

### THE WORKS.

Very little is really known of our glorious old Sebastian Bach. He was not a notable man in his own day like the famous opera impresario Mr. Handel. Bach's own town-folk seem to have thought least of all of him. To be sure he was a renowned organist, but he had a nasty trick of being precise in unexpected matters, his temper was not good, his compositions, after all, were not unlike the compositions of other organists, and not nearly so pretty—he himself would have acknowledged it—as the "pretty Italian songs" that might be heard when Italian opera companies came that way. The townspeople stopped his salary, at times, to prevent him attaining a too good conceit of himself. We find him turning out master-work after master-work for a world that cared nothing for the humble Leipzig Capellmeister's master-works, and at the same time having to ask for his means of livelihood as a favour. This is clearly seen in a letter which I here reprint—it is the dedication of the B minor Mass:—

"To the most Serene Prince and Lord, Lord Friedrich August, Royal Prince of Poland and Lithuania, Duke of Saxony, etc., etc., etc., my most gracious Lord.

"MOST SERENE PRINCE,  
"MOST GRACIOUS LORD,

"Herewith I present your Royal Highness, in deepest devotion, with a trifling work in that science to which I have attained in music, and in humble hope that you will deign to consider the same, not according to its poor composition, but with the gracious eyes of your world-renowned clemency, and thereby to take me under your most mighty protection. For several years I have had the musical direction of the two principal churches in Leipzig, where, indeed, I have undeservedly undergone various annoyances, and have suffered from time to time an abatement of the emoluments connected with the office, which, moreover, will probably be entirely stopped, unless your Royal Highness would be graciously pleased to confer upon me an appointment to your Court Chapel, and would issue your high command in the proper quarter for granting the necessary patent. Such most gracious compliance with my humble prayer will bind me to endless devotion, and I offer myself in most dutiful obedience to obey your Royal Highness's most gracious desires at all times in the composition of music both for the Church and the orchestra

with unwearied diligence; and to dedicate my whole strength to your service, remaining, with constant fidelity, your Royal Highness's most humble and obedient servant,

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.

DRESDEN, 27th July, 1733.

One cannot take any one work of Bach's and say, This and no other is his masterpiece. He wrote a score at least of master-works, and the only difference one can discover between them is that one is short and another long. As great music may be found in the short cantata, "O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort," as in any of the Passions or the "stupendous"—as it is always called by critics who reckon masterpieces by the yard—the "stupendous" B Minor Mass. And there are other works as great as the "O Ewigkeit." But the *Matthew Passion* and the B Minor Mass contain, of course, more of Bach's finest music; and the committee of the Bach Choir, having decided on a Festival, could not have done better than include these two works in the scheme. The *Matthew Passion* was written about 1729, and first performed in St. Thomas's Church (Leipzig, of course) on the Good Friday of that year. After that it was never again sung until Mendelssohn gave it to the world exactly a century later. The world was then getting ready for it, and it rapidly became popular. All honour then to Mendelssohn for this great work! The *Matthew Passion* was intended to spread over a whole day, like a Bayreuth performance, and therefore an evening performance of it is felt a little wearying unless plentiful cuts are made. The Bach Choir made no cuts. They allowed a quite heroic interval, however, in which one might refresh oneself by a stroll in the open air, or in the corridor, or by a visit to the refreshment bar, or in any other way that one's fantasy suggested. Even with that one felt a little fatigued before the last chorus arrived. The *Matthew Passion*, it would seem, will never be fittingly performed and fittingly heard until we regard it as a holiday matter and give up a day to it. I daresay the work is well enough known, so I will only remind my readers that the story is appropriately told by the Evangelist (tenor), while the various characters, Jesus, the disciples, Pontius Pilate, and the rest speak dramatically, each for himself; and that the story is frequently interrupted by reflective solos, choruses and chorales. The B Minor Mass is Bach's biggest work designed for performance on a grand scale. One may say that the *Passion* contains Bach's private and personal feelings about the story which he tells, whilst the B Minor Mass, like the *Christmas Oratorio*, seems intended to express the feelings of a large body of people about an event that interests them jointly. Mostly written for five parts, one or two of the choruses are in six parts, and one number is a double chorus. The sapient and omniscient Spitta having investigated the matter, reports that this Mass was composed not sooner than 1731 and not later than 1737. The magnificent Credo, he thinks, was written in 1731 or '32, the Kyrie and Gloria next year, and the Sanctus in 1735, while the whole thing was completed by the latest date I have mentioned. It is impossible to tell when the cantata "Wachet auf," was written, though various attempts, based on the paper Bach used, and the years in which the very rare Sunday for which it was written—the 27th after Trinity—occurs, have been made to fix the precise date. But no one

can settle a matter of the sort, nor does the matter matter much to anyone—we have the "Wachet auf," whatever conclusions may be reached. It is one of the most extraordinary love-poems ever conceived. The chorus start away with the chorale (given to the trebles, whilst the other parts play round) "Sleepers, wake, a voice is calling"—the same words and of course the same melody as occur in Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*—and are allowed to state that the bridegroom is coming; and then a recitative leads into a duet written in the very spirit of *Tristan and Isolde*, though the dialect, I need hardly say, is very different. Phrase after phrase is pure love-music, even to the extent of reminding us of the love-music of Mozart and Beethoven. Anyone who studies this marvellous work at any time—and what musician can do without studying it?—should not overlook the unwonted lusciousness of harmony in the final chorale. The cantata, "O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort," is as devotional as this is erotic. It was written for the 24th Sunday after Trinity—so much seems certain—the only difficulty is, in what year? The usual guesses have been made, but they are worthless, and I will not bore the reader by repeating them. The cantata takes the form of a dialogue between Fear and Hope. Hope asserts that the hereafter is all safe; but Fear is terrified by the prospect of eternal damnation. While they dispute, a "Voice from heaven" sings "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," and all Fear's fears are laid to sleep. The rest of the "Selection" evening included, besides the cantatas I have mentioned, the gigantic double chorus, "Now shall the grace," a hopelessly uninteresting Toccata for organ—composed in Bach's salad days—the A minor concerto for violin and orchestra, the G minor sonata for violin alone, and the concerto for three pianos and orchestra. A better programme, I repeat, could not have been chosen.

### THE ARTISTS.

First, Mr. Bispham, no account of him is necessary, for my readers know as much about him as I do. He sang finely on the first two evenings, and seemed fagged on the third. Miss Fillunger is known as an artist who sings Schubert and Brahms with marvellous emotional force, and can handle Wagner's lighter work; but Bach is a thousand times too many for her. Miss Hilda Wilson suffered from the effects of recent illness, and did neither herself nor the music justice. Mr. Robert Kaukmann, who sang the tenor music so shockingly last year was engaged "in consequence of the success" he then made, as we learn from the critics who make themselves cheap to the Bach choir; but he was mercifully taken ill a couple of days before the proceedings commenced, and we were thus spared one awful infliction. Mr. W. Shakespeare read the part of the Evangelist at sight—as I can well believe. It is not necessary to say anything about Mr. Andrew Black, save that Bach scarcely suits him. Mrs. Hutchinson, too and her agreeable style of singing are perfectly well known; Miss Marian McKenzie is a contralto who is "rapidly rising into public favour," as the daily press is fond of saying of vocalists seventy or eighty years old, or thereabout. Miss McKenzie, however, has considerable youth on her side. About Mr. Joachim I shall say nothing; he is as well known as Charley's Aunt. In Agnes Zimmermann, Fanny Davies, and Leonard Borwick, three competent pianists were found for the triple concerto; and Sir Walter Parratt, who is the Queen's Master of the Musick, and whose organ-playing is vastly admired by the clique to which he belongs, played that uninteresting toccata just as

might be expected from the Master of the Musick. But that is to anticipate criticism; so I will get on to say that Dr. Stanford, the conductor, is professor of music in Cambridge University, has written some very good and some very bad music, and conducts rather worse than I can fly.

#### THE FESTIVAL.

The *Matthew Passion* was given on the first evening, Tuesday, April 2. A tremendous crowd gathered together; the electric light was in good order and showed all the brilliancy of the dresses to which so many of the critics attached such great importance. Mr. Vert had arranged everything with a view to avoid the customary scuffles in entering. The platform looked as gay as the audience, if one refrained from gazing too closely; the soloists came on with due smiling and apparent content; Dr. Stanford moved as one about to realize the one blissful dream of his life. Everything promised well, and before twenty bars of the tremendous opening chorus, "Come, ye Daughters," had been played I realized that nothing in the arrangements had been forgotten save art. The absolute callousness and mechanical indifference to the supreme splendour of the music shown by the conductor throughout the festival was seen as clearly there as it was afterwards seen often. The enormous ascending bass in bar six, which cries out "Crescendo, crescendo, and yet more crescendo!" was taken with a hop, skip and a jump, and in a dead-level tone that nearly drove me from the hall. The choir sang nearly—nearly but not quite—as coldly as Dr. Stanford beat time, and they were more attentive. One could forgive scratchiness and poverty of tone for the sake of expression; but the choir never dreamed of attempting expression. In the wonderful "Ich will bei meinem Jesu wachen," the gently rocking motion on the words "So schlafen unsre Sünden ein" was converted into a mechanical clockwork effect, and the piece thus robbed of its whole meaning. The last chorus, too, was taken at a rollicking pace that was more likely to set one dancing than to send one away from the performance "in a condition of perfect peace," as the late eminent Sir George remarked. But there were partially redeeming qualities here and there. In the penultimate number the unspeakable tenderness of the "Mein Jesu, gute Nacht" might be felt; and an endeavour was made to realize the tremendous "Wahrlich, dieser ist Gottes Sohn gewesen." But beyond such little occasional lapses into art as these, I can find nothing to praise in the performance so far as the choir is concerned. The shouts of the people lacked the energy that raises the St. Paul's performance into sublimity; the yell of "Barrabam" so some one said, was like the upsetting of an omnibus; and there are not words in the English language to adequately express my feeling about the measure of the injustice dealt out to "O Mensch, bewein' dein' Sünde gross." Professor Stanford let the band roll along at its own sweet will, the strings completely drowning the wind, and wind and strings combining to drag the chorus by the hair of the head to that long desired goal, the final double bar. But indeed all the chorales were wretchedly sung. Some of them demand soft treatment; others, one feels, want to be hurled at the audience with the full force of trombone and organ; and Professor Stanford took them all alike at a level mezzoforte. Thus to speak, he whittled away the performance on the forte side and on the piano side, and the remainder was thin, weak, colourless, tame and savourless. As for the solos, Mr. Bispham alone came out

of the war with flying colours. His singing of "Nehmet, esset" was a thing to be remembered, and the "Eli, Eli, Sabbachthani" was the most perfect piece of thrilling vocalization I have yet heard. Mr. Shakespeare sang at sight, and sang as if he were singing at sight; and if he was at all in form, I don't think he would carry off a medal anywhere for sight-singing. He got the notes and he cackled on them, and his barn-yard effects did not help us to understand Bach. Miss Fillunger, too, was heavily handicapped by Bach; Miss Hilda Wilson's only chance was spoiled by Professor Stanford happening to be thinking of something else at the time and letting the band drift. She of course had to drift with it, and the effect was striking if not beautiful. Mr. Andrew Black declaimed many passages handsomely. One felt that he did not think much of Bach, but was determined, being engaged, to give the Festivalers their money's worth and Bach every chance. He got hold of one phrase that he evidently thought was vocal—probably because it reminded him of Wagner—and, in a manner of speaking, he took that phrase to his bosom and cuddled it as a dearly beloved friend. Now all this is to say that I have not a good word, or at any rate not two good words, for this festival. There are many people who don't mind how their Bach is played so long as he is played at all; but I confess that Bach is the last composer that I can tolerate to hear shabbily treated. Those who think that Bach in Hades ought to be happy and flattered when his music is shockingly performed under modern conditions are in my opinion long-eared jackasses. Mr. Fuller Maitland has insisted lately that Bach in Hades ought to be happy and flattered when his music is so performed.

The second evening of the festival (April 4), was rather less intolerable than the first—perhaps because the chorus had very little to do with it. Dr. Joachim's magnificent fiddling in the A minor concerto and in the G minor sonata alone would make the evening memorable. Beyond that, we had Mr. Bispham in the solo "Gute Nacht," and in the "Wachet auf"; and we had the stupendous double chorus "Now shall the Grace." Of course the chorus and Dr. Stanford did their best to spoil the "Wachet auf," but Mr. Bispham and Mrs. Hutchinson were too many for them. Again, in "O Ewigkeit," there was an attempt to make Mr. Bispham ridiculous by putting him as the "Voice from Heaven," in the organ-loft. We all looked up to see what he was doing on the roof, but here again his wonderful art of expression triumphed, and he gave us the unparalleled pathos of the work. Mr. Walter Parratt played in a boarding-school-miss sort of style, which I suppose is what makes him valuable as a Queen's Master of the Musick. The triple concerto was rather comical than otherwise; for the three players apparently kept one eye glued to the music, and the other to the conductor's stick; the result being a street piano rendering much too bad to be disgusting—it simply amused one. In "Now shall the grace" the choir did very much better things. It was the last number; perhaps they wanted to get home, and they flung themselves at the thing with a vehemence that must have annoyed the older members, but certainly produced results much more agreeable than the staid and respectable method they generally follow.

The B minor mass was awful. A good start was made, but in the duet, "Christe Eleison," Miss Marian McKenzie outsang Mrs. Hutchinson completely, and Dr. Stanford apparently tried to drown the pair of them in a sea of orchestral tone. In the big heavy choruses the

one thing missing was the big heavy tone; and this, the choir seemed to keep for the lighter and more delicate numbers. I must except, however, the "Crucifixus," which was sung as well as the poverty-stricken tone of the choir permitted. But the "Et resurrexit" lacked force, the "Confiteor" was childishly weak and feeble. The "Sanctus," being one of the big heavy choruses, was impossibly thin, the "Dona nobis" being a chorus which demands soft and equable singing was bellowed with the utmost ferocity. Miss McKenzie, put some depth of feeling in the "Agnus Dei," the "Osanna" was gracefully and neatly given, Mr. Bispham, being fagged out, did less than justice to his two songs, but still was always artistic, and Dr. Joachim's obligations compensated one for some qualities that were missing. But Professor Stanford seemed absent the whole evening. Whether he was thinking of a new symphony or about the last train, or wishing to goodness the whole thing was over, I cannot tell; but he conducted as one preoccupied with the most stupendous problems of life and death. He did not give the choir their cues: hence they stumbled, scrambled in when quick decision was wanted; he allowed the pace to increase, so that when the trumpets entered it had to be checked to give them time to put in their notes; and he so forgot himself in the last number as to allow the chorus to start in one key and the band and organ in another. For a few moments the noise made one think of a "scene" in the House of Commons, but Dr. Stanford perceived what was wrong a few moments after everyone else had perceived it, stopped the proceeding and made a fresh start, which was more successful.

#### THE RESULT.

One result is that the critics (as one critic said) who love the Bach Choir better than Bach, declare that the performance was in all ways admirable; whilst those who love Bach better even than the Bach Choir say the whole thing was a brutal, callous, shameful desecration. Another result is that a good many people who vaguely imagined Bach to be dry and uninteresting are now sure of it. Yet one more is that the admirable performance, or shameful desecration ("you pays your money and you takes your choice"), will probably henceforth be repeated every year, or two years, or three years, under the guise of the "Bach Annual, or Biennial, or Triennial Festival." And every year the critics (poor fools!) will squabble amongst themselves, and the public will go on its way, caring not a jot for any of them.

THE death is announced of Mr. W. E. Hill, the head of the well-known New Bond Street firm of violin-dealers. As a family, the Hills have been connected with violin making for more than two centuries. There was a Joseph Hill who lived at the Harp and Flute in the Haymarket in the last century; and it was a "Mr. Hill" who was employed by Samuel Pepys to string his lute, as mentioned in the old gossip's famous Diary. When the late Mr. Hill was born, in 1817, violin making was still a flourishing trade in England; but it had declined before he was able to take an active part in the business, and it was then that he turned his attention to the more profitable trade of dealing in old instruments. Most of the high-priced Cremonas have passed through the hands of the Hills at one time or other. The death is also recorded of Mr. Georges Chanut, another violin maker and dealer. The business in Wardour Street will be continued by one of his sons, Mr. Joseph Chanut.



## Back in St. Paul's.

IT was curious to contrast the performance of the *Matthew Passion*, given by the Bach Choir on April 2, with that given in St. Paul's a week later. At the first a kind of "monumental skittishness" prevailed; the vocal tone was ugly; the chorus-singing weak and unexpressive, the solo-singing for the most part poor; the conducting flippant and, except in a few places, the orchestral tone most shockingly unbalanced. In St. Paul's a high seriousness was the key-note; the chorus was forceful and expressive, and the tone supremely beautiful; the solo-singers were at least competent, the tenor being an artist of great power of pathos; and the conducting was masterly and artistic. I do not say the summit of interpretative achievement has yet been reached there; but immense improvement has taken place since Dr. Martin first took charge of the music of St. Paul's. I do not mean that Sir John Stainer left things in an unsatisfactory state. On the contrary, it seemed as if Dr. Martin were not so well able at first to cope with the difficulties of the work as his predecessor; and the first performances of the *Passion* were anything but things of beauty. But all that the most hypercritical could take exception to on April 9 was the uniform fortissimo at which the chorales were sung, the lack of delicacy in the choral portions of "With Jesus I will watch" and "Now doth the Lord," and the preposterous words substituted for a translation of the original in the final chorus. Every one who has heard the *Matthew Passion* will remember the divine phrase set to "Ruhe sanfte, sanfte ruh'!"—"Rest softly, softly rest"—which is supposed to be sung at the tomb of Jesus when all is finished. When, as at St. Paul's, this is altered to "This night of sadness, All void of gladness, Shall soon be changed to Easter joy,"—a piece of "poetry" worthy of Messrs. Sankey and Moody at their floweriest—the whole of the chorus is made nonsensical; and whatever meaning may attach to the words becomes rank blasphemy when sung to such music. I could point to other instances, but I hope some one will call the attention of the authorities of St. Paul's to them, and have things altered, so that the thousands of people who flock to the Cathedral once a year may not have blasphemous hypocrisy set before them as religion. These lapses were the more annoying because the whole service was so impressive. The opening chorus was almost perfectly given; the people's choruses made more than their wonted effect; the violin obbligato was played as well as Joachim could play it; and the tenor narrator sang with splendid art throughout. It was thus, and not as at Queen's Hall, that Bach wanted his *Matthew Passion* sung; he wrote for the church and is only at home in the church; in the brilliantly lit Queen's Hall he is a dusty, uncouth, unpolished German Capellmeister thrown into an "up-to-date" social assembly with its shallowness, its "manners" and its inability to understand anything sincere in art.

Six chamber concerts of old and modern French music will be given by Mr. Leon Schlesinger at the Princes' Hall this month. These should prove decidedly interesting.

HERR OBERLÄNDER and other German artists will give their first violin and vocal recital in the Princes' Hall on the evening of May 8.

## Musical life in London.

### THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

LAST month I noticed a great improvement in the Philharmonic Society; and this month I have to record that the improvement has not been in the least maintained. The "event" of the month, so far as *éclat* and a big audience are concerned, was the appearance of Madame Patti on April 3, but I shall deal with this in its proper place, as from an artistic point of view it was of only the smallest importance. The second concert of the season came off on March 20. Madame Ella Russell was to have sung Beethoven's "Ah! Perfido"; but for some reason did not turn up, wherefore Madame Sapio (who surely is being "run" by some influential person) obliged us with the big scena from *Der Freischütz*. The orchestra provided a very scraggy accompaniment, and as, frankly, I hate this lady's style of singing, and any criticism I might offer would be abominably unfair, I shall pass on without comment to the next item. Or rather, I will go back to the commencement of the programme where we had Cherubini's *Der Wasserträger* overture. This was played with all due gaiety, and then followed that dreadful Mr. Dawson with Tschaiakowsky's B flat Minor Concerto. I think I mentioned Mr. Dawson's rendering of this work when he played it at the Crystal Palace. Anyhow, on the present occasion his version was cumbersome and stodgily unpoetic. He became positively brutal in Chopin's "Scherzo." But his shortcomings and those of Madame Sapio were compensated for by the next item—Professor Stanford's new symphony in D, "L'Allegro ed il Penseroso." This is the best piece of music Professor Stanford has written these many years. It is of course programme-music, but the programme is a not an ignoble one. Dr. Stanford has simply taken some suggestive verses from Milton's poem of the same name as the symphony, and composed music to illustrate them. The first movement is a trifle dry; the counterpoint is in excess of the need for counterpoint; but the scherzo—which, however, Dr. Stanford merely calls an allegretto—is, on the contrary, a perfect gem. Neither Mendelssohn, Berlioz, nor Mr. MacCunn have written anything more daintily fresh. The slow movement is not dry like the first, but falls short of its high aim. After the beautiful introduction (appropriately scored) and an unusually expressive first theme, the composer fails to carry the mood upward, so to speak; and in an attempt to write that most difficult form of music, a slow movement, no flagging of the emotion is permissible; unless it becomes more intense at each bar the music cannot carry us along with it. For the finale, Dr. Stanford has chosen two ideas: one is indicated by the words—

Oft, on a plat of rising ground,  
I hear the far-off curfew sound,  
Over some wide-watershed shore,  
Swinging slow with sullen roar.

and the other by the verse—

But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloister's pale,  
And love the high-embowed roof,  
With antique pillars massy-proof,  
And storied windows, richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light.  
Then let the pealing organ blow  
To the full-voiced choir below.

So first we get the bell and afterwards the organ; and both are used with astonishing effect. I congratulate Dr. Stanford on having written sincerely, and thus produced a really enjoyable work.

It was not in the nature of things that the Philharmonic, having given two excellent concerts, could give an equally good third. The concert of April 3 included the most astounding exhibition of flagrant bad taste that I have yet seen. Briefly, Madame Patti sang Rossini's "Una Voce" passably well—that is to say, as well as I do it when I want to see my friends leave the room in rapid succession under pretence of forgotten engagements. If I had performed at Queen's Hall, the audience would have flung all their portable property at me: as Madame Patti performed, they encored her. Curiously enough, the band had parts of Mozart's "Voi che Sapete"; so Madame Patti, not unwilling to oblige so enthusiastic a meeting, sang this air in a casual manner, as became one who never dreamed of having to do such a thing when she left her hotel that evening. Half a century ago the custom prevailed of giving a farce after the serious play. Now, the Philharmonic believes emphatically in the old customs: therefore, the play being over, they now proceeded to the farce. Messrs. Cummings and Berger led Madame Patti on to the platform. Mr. Cummings then made a speech, which for downright banality beats anything ever heard in Queen's Hall. The gist of which was that Madame Patti had begun to render services to music by singing in *La Sonnambula* at an early age, and ended them by singing at the Philharmonic Society. "As," he continued (with unconscious irony), "the Philharmonic existed to associate the noblest music (did he mean Rossini?) with the greatest executants (Patti?) he forthwith adorned the lady with a preposterous gold medal. What the audience thought of it I don't know, but certainly most of them laughed heartily. The rest of the programme was occupied by Beethoven's "Leonora" Overture No. 3, Schumann's Piano Concerto unsympathetically played by Miss Eibenschütz, and two trifling and ineffectual pieces by Sir A. C. Mackenzie. Altogether, a ridiculous, tiresome, dull and most vulgar concert.

### SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

These concerts came to an end some weeks ago, but Mr. Henschel gave his annual Wagner Concert in St. James's Hall, on March 28, much too late of course for last month's issue. I regret that it is as impossible to praise this as any of the preceding concerts. Other conductors improve or grow worse, but Mr. Henschel goes on for ever at a low level of wearisome mediocrity. About this Wagner Concert, then, there is only to be said that not one piece was adequately played, and, while Mr. Henschel himself sang with dramatic feeling and a fine sense of vocal phrasing in Hans Sachs' Monologue, "Was duftet doch der Flieder?" the band, under the nominal conductorship of Mr. Hollander, came in upon him like a flood, and fairly drowned him in an ocean of harsh and ugly tone. The *Lohengrin* prelude became unvocal and wiredrawn; the *Meistersinger's* overture suggested, towards the end, a railway catastrophe, and the band itself went irretrievably to pieces in the Funeral March from the *Götterdämmerung*.

### CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

Owing to Mr. Manns' unfortunate illness, these concerts, too, have been troubled with the rickets of late. The concert-going public, I believe, is steadily learning to know good from bad conducting; and when a Cowen, or Mac-

kenzie, or Parry is advertised to wield the baton, the hall may generally be depended on to be miserably empty. Of course the Philharmonic concerts are an exception; but we must remember that they are a kind of social-patriotic affair: the Society gets the audience together, no matter who conducts or what he conducts. And, of course, Sir Arthur Sullivan is another exception. He cannot conduct, he never could conduct, and I venture to aver that he never will conduct. But Mr. Gilbert has made him famous—famous as a clown, that is, but still, famous; and the stolid British public, once it can be persuaded that a man does something well—if it is only circus-tumbling—firmly believes that he can do everything superlatively. So Sir Arthur Sullivan goes down to the Crystal Palace, beats time harmlessly for a couple of hours, and the public, and the press critics who believe their duty is to echo the public, exclaim that it is very beautiful. But Mr. Cowen is in a different case. He conducts better than Sir Arthur; but not being like Sir Arthur, a popular comic-song writer, the press says little about time, and the public stays away. On March 23, for example, the hall was drearily bare; and possibly this influenced Mr. Cowen's renderings of Berlioz's overture *Les Francs Juges*, and the Pastoral Symphony. The latter chilled one to the very marrow, especially in the parts which one could learn from the score, but not the performance, are really beautiful. Mr. Slivinski's playing compensated a little; but the truth is, Mr. Cowen's conducting got on my nerves and I fled on the first opportunity.

March 30 was a field-day. Sir Arthur Sullivan conducted, and Dr. Joachim fiddled. Some capital fun occurred in Mendelssohn's *Melusina* overture; and, later, in Schumann's D Minor Symphony. In the latter, particularly, it was easy to imagine oneself at the Savoy; and Sir Arthur Sullivan should be complimented on the remarkable skill and infallible feeling for the comic which he displayed in turning Schumann's most solemn and lovely melodies into a fitting accompaniment to a farce. Dr. Joachim, in Beethoven's Violin Concerto, kicked a little against this treatment, but Sir Arthur's humour is irresistible, and he gave us Beethoven, as it were, on the broad grin, and turning coachwheels as he went along. Miss Emily Skinner (one of Joachim's many favourite pupils, I understand) joined her teacher in Bach's Concerto for two violins and orchestra; and the two proved a little too strong for the conductor, excepting where they were not playing. Dr. Joachim, especially, gave us some inspired phrases, and Miss Skinner very wisely imitated him. Miss Jansen, too, presented even the mechanically clever Saint-Saëns to us in an agreeable light: she almost made one accept that "Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix" from *Samson et Delila* as one of the perfect things of music. I did not stay to hear her in Henschel's "There was an ancient king"; because, first, I loath that specimen of Wardour Street shoddy; second, I might not have escaped before Sir Arthur's *Macbeth* overture commenced; and third, I wanted to catch the train. It is better to catch your train than listen to any number of *Macbeth* overtures, as all the critics do not hesitate to say. They write, however (as they fly to London in the train before the overture has commenced), that the *Macbeth* is a work of which English music may well be proud, and that it was admirably played under the composer's direction.

A Wagner concert had been announced for April 6, and I went down dreading that Mr. Manns might still not be well enough to conduct; for two acts of the *Flying Dutchman*, the "Siegfried Idyll," and "Wotan's Farewell,"

under Mr. Cowen, Sir A. C. Mackenzie, or the greatly-beloved Sir Arthur, would have proved much too much for my sensitive nerves. However, Mr. Manns mounted the platform, and when the audience rose and shouted and screamed and yelled and clapped and stamped out their congratulations, I joined in, not as a complimentary affair, for I was there as a musical critic, and had left my humanity at home, but as a piece of musical criticism. The clapping of the audience meant that they were pleased that Mr. Manns was better; my clapping meant I like Mr. Manns' conducting, and hadn't at all enjoyed the little games that had gone on in his absence. I trust my readers distinguish. At the present moment I have on my thickest humanity, and cannot allow that the bad performance on this occasion was at all Mr. Manns' fault. If Mr. Henschel, had given a performance of the two last Acts of the *Dutchman*, and it had been half so unsatisfactory as this one given by Mr. Manns, I tremble to think of the severe things I should have said. But Mr. Manns has conducted simply and splendidly until he has made me love him, and I will neither say a word against him myself, nor allow any one else to do so. Not that I will pay him the poor compliment of lying about him. That performance of April 6 was, most emphatically, a shabby one. Mr. John Probert had no business in that gallery; he hadn't the remotest notion what it is all about. He treated part of the music given to Erik as a Mendelssohn recitative, part as a Lawrence Kellie drawing-room ballad, and part he didn't treat at all, but allowed it to kick him along half-a-bar in front of it. Such self-sacrifice merits high praise; but, unfortunately, Mr. Probert sacrificed the audience, too, particularly when he (being a couple of crochets ahead) bellowed an F against Miss Ella Russell's G flat. Miss Jessie King's fine voice told in the little she had to do as Mary, but she is hardly so well up in opera work as in oratorio yet. One hardly knows what to think of Miss Ella Russell's share in the afternoon's work. Her voice is not a bad one; her vocalization was skilful; she was even dramatically expressive; yet she displeased me. Perhaps the secret is that she does not enter into the character, the strange, dreamy, fantastic exaltation of Senta; and unless the singer does that, Senta is not Senta, but an Adelphi heroine. Mr. Black was amiable as the Dutchman (to speak in the *Daily News* style); which is to say he sang tastefully, skilfully, with fine tone and clear utterance, but was quite unable to impress and oppress you with a sense of the tremendous fate hanging over him. So much for the separate characters; and it remains only to be said that the choir and the orchestra did not half know their work, and the reader will understand how very unsatisfactory the whole thing became,—how fearfully it got upon one's nerves. But for this, I repeat, Mr. Manns must not be blamed. He has frequently given admirable renderings of more difficult works than the *Flying Dutchman*; and for this lapse I blame, first, the soloists, of whom Miss King alone came near a beautiful reading of her part; and second, an obvious plentiful lack of rehearsal. Any one with an ear to hear and an eye to see could not fail to become aware very speedily that Mr. Manns, under the circumstances, was working wonders. I trust that he will repeat the programme at some future time, and give it with the perfection he has taught us to expect from him.

The series came to a conclusion on April 20, when Mr. Manns laid down his baton after a really magnificent performance of Schubert's Ninth, or as Sir George Grove will have it,

Tenth, symphony. Excepting for this and the prelude and finale from *Tristan*, the programme was not specially alluring. It commenced with Cherubini's *Anacreon* overture, and included a concerto for 'cello by Saint-Saëns, and songs by Weber and the late Goring Thomas. I should like to tell (as a relief from so much musical criticism) how it befell that, although I started in good time,—indeed, as is unusual with me, caught my train,—did not, like some critics, get inebriated on the way, and generally did my best, I yet failed to hear that overture of old Cherubini, and heard only the last notes of Madame Belle Cole's voice, as she regaled the Palace audience with Thomas's song. But if I told the whole truth, the railway company that had the honour of carrying me down would probably take an action for libel. Suffice it to say, therefore, that a great football match was to be played—not by the orchestra—and that the Company found itself incommoded by the 50,000 or so extra people, who are said to have come from the ends of the earth to see the mighty affair. As we strolled leisurely from stopping-place to stopping-place, every one between the stations, I had time to reflect on the superior attractions of football to music, and it struck me that Mr. Manns should really arrange a match between two famous teams for his "benefit," rather than ever so good a programme. However, this is away from the point. I did not hear the overture; but I did hear the Schubert symphony, and a heroic performance it was. Mr. Manns was at his best, and his best can be beaten by no one. Mr. Squire played the concerto with remarkably beautiful—powerful as well as sympathetic—tone; and as the music, though evidently an imitation of good music rather than the real thing, is nevertheless agreeable, the number was an enjoyable one. In that "Fatima" song of Weber, Madame Belle Cole sang now in one kind of voice, now in another, so that one wondered which was the real lady, and who the other was, or whether Madame Cole is, "like Cerberus, three gentlemen"—rather two ladies—"at once." The *Tristan* music was so exquisitely given that one could not take up the true critical attitude: there was nothing for it but to unreservedly revel in the delightful playing of delightful music. I wish I could say that the last concert was the best of the season, but I cannot. However, that does not matter. The season has been a splendid one, the only drawback—a serious one of course—being Mr. Manns' illness. The programmes have been excellent, and whenever Mr. Manns conducted the playing good. You may say that I contradict what I said above about the *Dutchman* performance. But if you think that I am above contradicting myself when Mr. Manns is in question, you are much mistaken. My impression at this moment is that all concerts in which Mr. Manns had a finger were excellent.

#### THE POPS.

The Pops, Monday and Saturday, have now been so long over that I need only recall one or two of the chief incidents. The perennially-skittish Mr. Sauer was there on Monday, March 18; and he played the Beethoven Sonata in G Op. 31, No. 1, with all the lightness of finger and of mind for which he is rapidly becoming notable. We had also Mendelssohn's unhappy quartet in A, and Rubinstein's piano quartet in C. Mr. Bispham favoured us with songs by Brahms, Legrenzi and Schubert, Mr. Sauer was again in evidence on March 23, and (I am told—for I was not there) succeeded as completely in Beethoven's third piano sonata as he had failed the week before in No. 1, Op. 31. But he has no notion of the way to handle



Schubert. To begin with, he is too weak in rapid scales and arpeggios to give a virtuoso interpretation; and then he is too unpoetical, too hopelessly a prosaic cheesemonger, to give a musician's interpretation; consequently such a noble effort as the C fantasia comes from his fingers without a single alluring quality. Mr. Sauer got on better with Chopin afterwards, but not so well as one or two of the critics insist. In truth, Mr. Sauer suffers from over-praise and under-praise; some declare that he cannot play at all, some that he out-Paderewski's Paderewski. For my part, I listened to him very carefully at all of his first five recitals and came to the conclusion (which I have not yet seen reason to alter) that he was nimble of finger as could be desired, but lacked sheer muscular power to play rapid passages with the true virtuoso's force, and to put great and noble tone into such broad, slow movements as that of the "Appassionata" sonata; and that on the purely artistic side, he could not be beaten in small, light things, but was too hopelessly shallow to understand the great works. Curiously enough, while some critics emphatically contradicted this, Mr. Sauer gave away the whole case in an interview with the *Pall Mall*. He then admitted that he "did not like" some of Beethoven's finest music. At this concert Joachim played superbly. He is another artist over whom noisy battles are fought. One side asserts that he never plays in tune, that his tone is bad, that he fails to understand the great men; the other side asserts just the opposite. It seems to me that he varies, like every artist—only more so. Nothing more lovely than his share in the recent Bach Festival may be imagined; and nothing more horrible than a reading of a Bach Sonata which he inflicted on the Pops audience one Monday evening. The season closed on Monday, April 8, when Brahms' Sextet (Op. 18), got itself wonderfully played by Messrs. Joachim & Co., and those abominable variations (for two pianos) of Saint-Saëns upon one of Beethoven's most inspiring themes were poured by Miss Eibenschütz and Mr. Berwick like ice-cold water upon the enthusiasm of the audience. Joachim played his best. So the season was buried with the honours of war.

## Professor Hubert Herkomer, R.A.

**A**N interview, and yet not an interview, for I am writing from memory, and not by having gone specially to Bushey to ask "the Professor" a hundred questions, and jot them down, and then expect him to pay for having his portrait in the *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC*, and if he doesn't, then write a long article, abusing him and his talents; and yet this is what a certain editor and critic of a paper have done to me in London, and all because I would not pay for praise. Thank goodness, the *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC* is managed differently.

My interview means quoting my last days of stay at Professor Herkomer's beautiful "house," or rather "palace," which he has named "*Lululaund*," and not "*Zululaund*," as some friends of mine addressed their letters to me. I had better explain that "*Lululaund*" is derived from *Lulu* (the Christian name of Professor Herkomer's second wife), and "*laund*" he added on to it.

Most people know about his life, his age, his works; and if they don't, let them buy the biography written by W. Courtney, in the *Art*

*Journal*. I am trying to-day to write and mention subjects which are not so generally known. At present the Professor is working "on" and "with" "pewter." That means he is trying and intending to revive pewter services, plates, dishes, but covered with the most beautiful designs, so that they really look like chaste silver. Then he has been designing carvings on solid silver dessert spoons. Everything is, of course, intended only for his own private household use as yet.

I get quite angry when people say that he is too versatile. Why ever shouldn't he or any one else with such gifts use them? It requires genius certainly to do likewise; but though it may be nice to do only one thing, or be a specialist in being able to paint or do one kind of thing, I don't think very much of that man's genius. After a while it must become a bore. I cannot fancy it, any more than a composer only composing one kind of composition. How awful! No, there must be variety. Naturally, every artist is not always at his best, now and then he changes; but that is because he is not a machine. It is the same with musicians. If they always played alike, they would become unbearable (some do!). I always preferred Rubinstein's occasional wrong notes, when he became passionate, to the calm continued sameness and tameness, so beautifully practised up, of others. Of this one thing one may be well sure: Professor Herkomer never attempts anything without really making it a success in an artistic way.

On going to Bushey, one cannot but feel impressed by the gigantic dimensions of every idea. The house has a unique shape, is built of a special kind of stone (imported specially from abroad). The windows are shaped differently from those one usually sees. There are no curtains anywhere near the windows, but plenty near the doors, and most beautiful ones they are. All of brocaded velvet and silk (salmon or terra-cotta on a cream silk ground), and the design which is drawn by Professor Herkomer himself, has been *handwoven* by one of his uncles who lives in America. Professor Herkomer's ambition is to be and do everything unlike any one else, and he succeeds too in this as in everything else.

It is most interesting to be staying at his house, for only then does one bit by bit see and find out all the wonderful and beautiful things there are at "*Lululaund*." It is great happiness for an artist to feel and be able to say, "Come and see this, for it is *all my own work*."

The many students who belong to the Professor's Art School have many more opportunities of getting on—if they are talented—than anywhere else; and to see them flocking in of a Sunday afternoon, quietly, and showing such profound veneration and admiration for their master's works, is quite touching, for it is an event in their lives. It reminds me very much of the days when we Schumann pupils were allowed to take tea at Madame Schumann's house. There was always a hushed silence, the very air seemed different. Many a time Madame Schumann told us to be more lively; but we *couldn't*, and it was far better that we were not.

Professor Herkomer was one of the first who hired a phonograph to have it in his house; he has two now, and possesses quite a large collection of all sorts of "impressions." I was strangely amused to hear for the first time myself play the piano. I could hardly realize it, the effect was quite uncanny. Since then I have played many a piece into the phonograph, and "improvised" into it, too. Sad to say, the violin sounds the worst when played into a phonograph; a brass band or wind instruments

are by far the best. Some day it will be invaluable to be in possession of the spoken lectures of the Professor and other celebrated men.

In the matter of colour, yellow seems to be Professor Herkomer's favourite; he always wears a tie of that hue, and his second son, a little fellow of five, is invariably dressed in a costume made in that shade. His favourite newspaper is the *Daily Graphic*, though the *Daily Telegraph* also gets a share. His favourite composers vary. At one time it was only Wagner (he even had his two eldest children christened "Siegfried and Elsa"); but now I think Brahms holds as high a place. Amongst the artists I hardly dare mention names, but this I may say, that Mr. North, who paints so exquisitely in water-colours (he lives in Somersetshire), has found his most appreciative admirer in my cousin.

Professor Herkomer never smokes, and never touches alcoholic spirits, and is much against allowing any one of his family to do so either. This poor little cousin attempted to smoke a cigarette for fun some short while ago, and it brought down the wrath of cousinly anger and displeasure in a terrific manner. But cousin or no cousin, Hubert Herkomer is one of the greatest artists living. He is a genius, and his works will live for ever, and so will his influence. No one with an artistic temperament can feel otherwise than encouraged and elevated when with him, for his enthusiasm and energy must help others to work and hope on, be they artists, or musicians, or authors, or even folks who have no special gifts, but for whom life is hard to bear.

An artist—and he is almost always oversensitive—goes through everything in a more intense way than other people do. His sorrows and his pleasures take alike deep possession of him, and if it were not so he would not be able to impress others. By putting his whole soul into the work he is undertaking, he is giving his very own self, and it depends very much on the mood of that "very own self" how the work or performance will turn out. A calm, passive temperament will never make you feel anything. It has been proved that the greatest artists have also suffered the most during life. It is not always "a bed of roses" to be an artist. The sacrifices, the privations, are oft so terrible, that many a young artist, musician or otherwise, battles against the very desire for existence even. When once the ladder of fame is reached, then only one can perhaps envy him. But we have not two such men as Professor Hubert Herkomer—not two who are gifted "all round." His life was not all pleasure and success, but he persevered, and he is now at the top.

One of his most marvellous latest pictures, to my mind, is "The Meeting," held by the Mayor and Corporation in the small town of Landsberg, Bavaria. The figures are all life-size, and though the gentlemen are none of them "Apollos" to look at, there is a wonderful magnetism in the whole, and I have stood long before it in silent admiration. My "interview" is over. Professor Herkomer, has gone to Oxford for a few days to lecture and I have come to London—to "town."

If you wish to see an exceptional man, kind-hearted, generous, but firm and decisive, always at work, always thinking of his art, tender to his family, marvellous in the continued display of unlimited supply of his inventive genius, an idolized but feared master, then go down one Sunday afternoon to Bushey and judge for yourself.

MARIE WURN.



## "At Home" Days in London.

### III.

**E**ASTER has taken so many people out of town that the "At Home days" have been forsaken altogether, and most likely will be during the remainder of April. For May, however, a great number of formal and informal gatherings are predicted, and many new professionals with strange weird names will come to invade our shores, armed with introductions and without, all trying to reap a golden harvest. But sorely some will be disappointed! There are already by far too many musicians in the London world, and as for engagements, why, they are as scarce as—happiness and contentment.

There are, indeed, few artists who have this season been able to make much money through concerts. As for "at home" engagements, most of the patronesses of the musicians are so besieged with young artists who offer to play and sing for nothing that the better known ones simply have no chance. Lady So-so prefers to have "delightful and charming" music at her house without having to pay for it.

Not many artists can afford to wade through a London season playing and singing everywhere for nothing. I have often wondered whether the ladies who ask artists to their house ever think that the artists have expenses. There is cab fare (if it rains), or omnibus or underground railway fare to pay, and yet to learn their profession cost them a small fortune.

It is a fact that at country houses, for instance, musical amateurs are preferred as guests. Why not engage an artist or two and have really good music? No, Miss — has taken six lessons from a London musician, and plays beautifully; "only an amateur, you know, but all the same it is best to have her because she charges nothing." What are the artists to do?—the professionals who have given their whole life's study to the one object, the making of a "name" and their living?

To me it is always amusing when young ladies come for a few finishing lessons, and expect to learn my method, which took me years to learn, in about six lessons. I must, however, say this to their credit, that usually they find in the end that six lessons are not enough, neither for the pupil to learn nor the teacher to teach.

Amongst the "At Homes" of the last weeks was one given for the benefit of the Cripples' Home for Girls in the Marylebone Road. Tickets were sold privately, and I should say that the amount obtained was considerable. The affair was got up by my humble self, most kindly assisted by Miss Carlotta Elliott and Mr. Ernest du Domaine.

Miss Elliott's lovely voice has been silent in concert rooms far too long, and she, with her charming personality, ought to be really more in the foreground. I have had the pleasure of hearing her sing frequently of late privately, and was delighted to find that she sings a great many songs which are still unknown to the London public—though the London public prefers English songs, however trivial. Still, I always stick to my idea that if German or other songs were sung more often by the usual ballad singers, and sung in English, they would be appreciated.

Lady Barnby was "At Home" to her friends on her birthday, looking as handsome as ever, and welcoming a vast number of interesting people, who had all come to offer her their con-

gratulations. The great excitement of the afternoon was the presence of a lady palmist, who told us all our fortunes. If all the good things come true that she told me, I shall indeed be happy and lucky. It was most amusing to listen to Dr. J. F. Bridge's "fortune," because he interrupted so often in his dry witty manner, that one could not help wondering how the poor "palmist" could go on. However, she prophesied Dr. Bridge all sorts of nice things. Amongst the guests were Mrs. Bridge, Mrs. Martin (of St. Paul's), Mr. and Mrs. George Alexander, and many others.

The usual studio-visiting occupied the minds of many people on the special Sundays, and although I do not believe that one can really go and look at pictures where there is a "crush" and a fashionable one, still I went to two studios—Mr. Frank Dicksee's and Mr. Marcus Stone's. The latter only had a single picture on view—I think it is entitled "A Sailor's Sweetheart"—anyhow, I predict it is sure to appear in one of the "annuals" for Christmas. Mr. Dicksee's pictures—two large ones—were exceedingly beautiful and dramatic. They suggested music to me, and this very few pictures do.

Miss Eugenie Joachim gave an "At Home" in honour of her uncle, Professor Joachim, but, unfortunately, I was prevented, by illness, from accepting her kind invitation. Of Miss Joachim's successful teaching I have made mention before. I think many should be glad to take the opportunity of studying the words and rendering of German songs with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hovey are at home to their friends on Mondays, and the last time I called I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Whitney Mockridge, the successful American tenor, sing. Mrs. Henrietta Hovey, an American lady, is a clever exponent of the art of graceful gesture. She is especially clever and successful in reducing the awkward angles of the human frame to flowing curves and lines, which suggest the poetry of motion.

As pupil and assistant teacher for many years of Delsarte, Mrs. Hovey has gained a reputation both here and in America which is second to none in the special branch in which she has interested herself. She has given lectures at the White House, Washington, U.S.A.; in Canada at Government House; at the Club House, Tosedo Park; at Sir Percy Shelley's private theatre in Bournemouth; in Mr. Walter Crane's studio, and in the London drawing-rooms of John Strange Winter (Mrs. Stannard), Lady Dorothy Neville, and many others. It is astonishing in what new lights Mrs. Hovey is able to make one view even our slightest actions. For any one having to appear in public, I should say her advice would be invaluable. To be graceful has sometimes to be studied; it is not every one who is fortunate enough in being born with the talent of being and appearing graceful, and yet what a charming effect the presence of a graceful woman, instead of a stiff, bony, angular one has, sitting bolt upright near us at an "at home," or at home!

The Society of Water-colours gave their second musical conversation at the Prince's Hall on April 18. Miss Carlotta Elliott and Miss Pettican were the vocalists, and Mr. Tivadar Nachèz the violinist.

Miss Elliott, who was most bewitchingly dressed in a superb robe of white satin, and wearing a pink rose, which contrasted well

with her hair, sang "Before the window" (Brahms), and also songs by Bizet, Vidal, and Korby, with real, true artistic feeling.

Mr. Nachèz played beautifully, much better than I have ever heard him before; he won great applause. Miss Pettican (Mrs. Broadbent) looked as if she had stepped out of a quaint picture; she sang well, though I should have liked to have heard the songs sung in a more animated and expressive style.

### Whisperings overheard at "At Homes."

That: Tivadar Nachèz intends visiting Africa—in especial Johannesburg.

That: His Violin Concerto is being published by Rahter, Hamburg.

That: In Ashfield, Australia, people have the advantage of hearing good plays, as after pieces have been tried in London, and proved a success, they are bought by managers there at once.

That: There is a gentleman in London who "pushes" artists if £200 (modest sum!) is paid him down.

That: Every one seems to be complaining of the bad times.

M. A. J. W.

## On Tour with one of the Greatest Vocalists.

BY MARIE WURM.

**I**HAVE before me a book into which I have pasted the programmes of no less than fifty concerts—vocal recitals—given during one winter and spring season by the most fascinating and renowned Italian songstress Alice Barbi. Her name is most popularly known in Germany and Austria, and her career one of the most successful ever attempted. Of Italian extraction (born at Bologna in 1859) she, at an early age, was adopted by a Marchesa who indulged her in every way. Accompanied by a younger sister, Alice Barbi is said to have been in England some ten years ago. She told me she had sung under Sir Charles Hallé, but with little success. She therefore returned to Germany and commenced a tour on her own account throughout Germany, Austria, and Hungary, each year adding fresh laurels to her wreath of success. It was in the winter 1891-92 that she engaged me for a six months' tour—her sixth year of travels—and I was to play Soli, but also play all her accompaniments. As I had already been travelling a good deal for the late Hermine Spies and several others, I knew most of the German songs; still, each vocalist sings them in a different style and in a different key. I had met Alice Barbi at a friend's house quite by chance, and as she found that I was able to accompany by heart, it took her fancy to wish to have me travel with her—although she had always before been accustomed to have a gentleman "dance attendance" on her, for she was dreadfully spoilt and accustomed to the greatest adoration all round.

I quite willingly confess that I have still an immense admiration for her, in spite of many items which made me feel very sore at times during the tour; but she was a great artist, and one of the greatest, sweetest, and fascinating interpreters of all "Lieder." I said "was" because she married about two years ago, and has since then not appeared in the Concert-room. Her husband, a most charming man (Baron



Wolff), was Secretary to the late Queen Olga, of Wurtemberg.

My experiences with Alice Barbi were of the most varied kind, but I certainly learnt a great lesson from her, for which I shall ever be grateful. Her voice was not a very powerful one, nor very large, but she knew well how to manage it. She would never give a concert, even if it had been announced, and all tickets sold, if she did not feel quite in good voice! Often on that tour were posters fetched out from one of the trunks (these posters were kept ready!) and sent on the morning of the day to the unfortunate agent in the town. This man would then come, tearing his hair, and imploring (and one or two actually wept), but to no purpose. The "Barbi" would not sing, nor even see the agent. Of course some people got angry, and some reporters wrote nasty things, but what did it matter? The next time Barbi's concert was all the more filled. In some towns—like Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, we had to give three concerts—and all were "sold out." And did I make a fortune? Oh, dear me, no! that went into Barbi's pocket, and the poor little pianiste had to be glad of her monthly allowance of £30, just enough to last to pay all hotel expenses, and heavy items these were. Barbi went only to first-class hotels, and she and maid had to have the best rooms, and of course the swell pianiste could not live in a less grand room. But it is all past now, and the benefit of becoming known in the greater part of Europe was not to be despised.

After all, my chief object to-day is to speak of her abilities as an artist, and how well she understood to interpret the best inspirations of the best masters. In studying a new song, for instance, she would first try the whole song, humming it over with me; then she would learn the words—but not merely learn them like a parrot—no, she would recite them and give them their proper meaning. Then came the studying of the vocal part. I would meanwhile study the song also by myself, and practise the piano part carefully in every detail, and then only we studied together. In this way we were both sure of ourselves, and I, of course, had to learn her style of interpretation, and give up sometimes, but very seldom, my own way. But it was said that we really felt together, and I know I need not blush in saying that my special success in Vienna was owing to my being able to understand Barbi. It would take many pages to repeat here all the flattering eulogies which all the critics wrote about her. But it is well known that seldom has an artist travelled through Europe causing the same enthusiasm everywhere. At Vienna, especially, I was witness of the great quantity of handkerchiefs that were used to dry the eyes of men and women. We had everywhere crowded houses, and royalty came to every concert that was held in any town where royalty was.

I feel I must quote a few of the criticisms that I have here. "Italian singers usually sing only compositions written to their native language, and Alice Barbi has given us the best which her country had brought forth during the 17th and 18th century. But Alice Barbi pronounces the German language just as distinctly and perfectly; one can hardly name a born German who could do it better. Her interpretation, her expression, her vocal technique, all is unsurpassable. Some say she sings the old Italian music best, others say Schumann and Schubert. She is complete mistress of the 'bel Canto.' When Alice Barbi sings it seems as if the lark and the nightingale were singing in turns. She is a most impressionable singer; from the first to the last note she is under the influence of the poem and music. She knows how to stir one's

innermost feelings, and no one will be able to forget her who has once heard her and been under her influence."

But Alice Barbi sang French songs with the same excellence; and her genius showed itself when, at a concert in Budapest, she surprised the audience by singing a song in Hungarian. This I must say was of course only learnt for the occasion. Still the Hungarians understood it well enough—the name of it was:

"Nem kell a szöke én nekem  
Mikor a barnát szeretem."

I have a criticism in the Hungarian language here, but translate it I could not. Hungarian is an awful language to learn. On the concert programme they put one's surname first and the Christian name after. This is what met my eye on the posters and programmes regarding myself:—

WURM MARY

*Zorgoramióvészno Közreműködésével.*

And I haven't the faintest notion what harmless meaning the awful looking words have. After each number on the programme it further said:

*előadja: énekli:*

Wurm Mary R.a. (or else) Barbi Alice K.a.

In Bohemia we were called:

ALICE BARBI-OVÉ,

*a.a.R. Romornt zpevacký*

*pri nemz spolučinkuje pianistka*

MARY WURMOVÁ.

I enjoyed myself vastly both in Bohemia and Hungary (especially in Hungary). We spent six weeks in the latter country, and made many friends. Everywhere we were received with the greatest enthusiasm and honour. I do not fancy a tour in England to be the same—but I cannot judge, never having travelled in Great Britain.

These are just a few of the towns in which I shared in Barbi's triumphs:—Berlin, Dresden, Leipzig, Hamburg, Vienna, Munich, Stuttgart, Augsburg, Nuremberg, Ulm, Plauen, Würzburg, Carlsruhe, Mayence, Bremen, Prague, Wiesbaden, Klagenfurt, Debreczen, Kasha, Fünfkirchen, Kanizsa, Budapest, and others, besides being announced to appear in eight other big towns, where Barbi would not sing. And now I must give Barbi's *répertoire* during the time I was with her. Mind, this is not her whole *répertoire*, only part of it, for she sang different songs every year. I am giving here also the keys in which she sang the songs—(she sang very few in their original key, which meant "transposing"!)

E. d'Astorga: (Barbi Album), "Morir voglis" (in E minor).

B. Marcello: "Il mio bel foco, Quella fiamma" (G♯ minor).

N. Jomelli: Arietta, "La Calandrina" (Barbi Album) (C major).

Caldara: Arie, "Come raggio" (E minor).

Carissimi: "Sospiri ch'uscite" (A minor).

Scarlatti: (Le violette) (A♯).

"(Ah cessate)" (A♯).

Paradies: Arietta, "M'ha presa" (G major).

Paisiello: Arietta, La Zingarella, (Barbi Album) (G major).

Defesch: (Arietta variata) (E major).

Rossini: Arie, "Tankred" (G♯ major).

"(La Cenerentola) Recitativ, Andante e Rondo (E major).

Di piacer.

Haendel: Arie, "Canzio d'aspetto" (F major).

Gluck: Arie, "O del mio dolce ardor." (F major).

Salv. Rosa: Canzonetta: Star vicino al bell idol.

\*Durante: Danza, danza.

\*Pergolese Arie, "Tre giorni son che Nina" (E minor).

Buononcini: Per la gloria (B♯).

Mozart: Das Veilchen (The violet) (F major).

Haydn: Schäferlied (A major).

\*Schumann: "Wenn ich in Deine Augen seh" (E major).

"Frühlingsnacht" (F♯ major).

"Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen" (E♯ major).

"Weit, weit" (F minor).

"Widmung" (A♯ major).

"Es rauschen die Wipfel" (A).

"Dein Angesicht" (C major).

"Ich grolle nicht" (C major).

"Schöne Fremde" (F major).

"Lied der Braut" (F major).

"Der arme Peter."

J. Brahms (op. 105): Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer (D♯).

O versenk ... (C♯ minor).

Der Mond steht ... (E major).

Meine Liebe ist grün ... (F major).

Liebestreu ... (C♯ minor).

Dort in den Weiden ... (B).

Vor dem Fenster ... (F minor).

Nicht mehr zu Dir zu gehen ... (D minor).

Von ewiger Liebe ... (B).

Liebe und Frühling ... (B major).

Am jüngsten Tag ... (B minor).

Wehe so willst Du mich wieder ... (G major).

Vergebliches Ständchen ... (C minor).

\*Schubert: Trock'ne Blumen ... (B major).

Die Forelle ... (F minor).

Der Wegweiser ... (E major).

Heidenröslein ... (B♯ major).

Geheimnis ... (A♯ major).

Der Neugierige ... (A♯ major).

Am Grabe Anselmo's ... (F♯ major).

Ungeduld ... (A minor).

Die liebe Farbe ... (A minor).

Die böse Farbe ... (A minor).

Auf dem Flusse ... (E major).

Litane ... (D major).

Die Post ... (D major).

Ed. Grieg: Lenzesfrühling ... (B major).

Ich liebe Dich ... (D♯ major).

\*Ed. Lassen: Ich hatte einst ein schönes Vaterland (E major).

Rubinstein: Neue Liebe ... (D major).

Es blinkt der Thau ... (B minor).

Rob. Franz: Im Herbst ... (A♯ major).

\*Chopin-Viardot: Mazourka, "Aime-moi" (E major).

Massenet: Les Enfants ... (F♯ minor).

Nuit d'Espagne ... (F major).

\*Marie-Antoinette: Marquise ... (F major).

Gordigiani: Popular Toscan Songs:—

(a) Speranza del mio cor. (c) Se ci veniva lui.

(b) E lo mio bene. (d) Tempo passato.

Where is the English vocalist who will sing half of these beautiful songs? (and Alice Barbi knows a great many more by heart than only these, even English ones). But although she and I conversed always in English, and her letters to me are written in English, still I could never get her to sing an English song, and yet I feel sure that had she come over again, and sung some of the beautiful Irish, Scotch, and old English songs she would have conquered everybody. When I read the programmes of most of the English singers I feel a sort of pity for them. Though not a vocalist, I do know that a trumpery composition, be it a song or any other composition, cannot give a real musician any pleasure—at least, not any lasting pleasure. Some time ago I played and hummed one or two of the songs I have quoted down here to a dear friend of mine, who has hitherto been accustomed to hearing what I call "trash"; and living in a small town, she had thought the songs she had been accustomed to hear perfectly lovely. She doesn't think so now! I've converted HER anyhow. I think poetry and music must always go together. The famous composers of olden days would not have set music to all the rubbish that one sees and hears nowadays. Not that there are not beautiful words existing—or even being written—but it is a fact that neither the best and most poetic words, nor the best music written in England finds publishers, or has success with the public. And then Englishmen and Englishwomen resent it when they are not called "musical"! The fact is there are too many amateurs in England. "Every girl, man or woman, who has a bit of a voice, sings, and—when one song is learnt—it is at once sung at a party, or even concert, and admired. Yes, admired, and if it is even sung badly. One does not find German amateurs ready to sing everywhere, and that is the difference.

I do not in any way wish to pose as an authority on "songs," but I have some little experience of the art of how some of the greatest vocalists I studied with produced their greatest effects.

Of the above songs I have marked a few which have "easy" accompaniments. Most of them are published with English words, and would I feel sure, be appreciated if well sung, and why should not amateurs also try to sing them well?

## Great Days in Musical History.

### I.—THE FIRST BAYREUTH FESTIVAL.

#### THE ROOTS OF BAYREUTH.

WHEN Wagner in the seventies sprang the notion of Bayreuth on the world, the world in its amazement said here was the ill-considered idea of a charlatan in want of an extensive advertisement. If only Mr. Shedlock had translated the letters to Dresden friends then, the world and the world's mouthpiece, the critics might have been saved many a mistake and many a humiliation. For, so far from the idea being a new one, it was in Wagner's mind as early as 1851; and so far from Bayreuth being an extensive advertisement, it was literally forced on Wagner by the impossibility of getting adequate performances of his music-dramas at any of the existing opera-houses. Leipzig was—and for that matter is—commonly spoken of as a centre of musical culture, but Leipzig found *Tannhäuser* impossible. Wagner had composed *Tristan* and the greater portion of the *Ring* before one of his works was played in Vienna. Berlin had its celebrated opera-house, and Berlin thought Wagner mad to think music-dramas practicable. So it seems that first, the world could not perform the dramas, and then when Wagner went to work to show that they could be performed, said he was an impudent charlatan not to be content with the means that served other composers. But that sort of thing is characteristic of the world, which loves to crucify its advanced men and then weep over their tombs. In 1851 we find Wagner writing to Uhlig—that loving, lovable Uhlig, who slaved for his master Wagner with the last gasping breaths he drew before consumption carried him off—to him Wagner wrote thus: “. . . To work with zest and joy,—but not for the present generation. Besides *Siegfried*, still some big plans in my head: three dramas, with a three-act prelude. If all the German theatres tumble down, I will erect a new one on the banks of the Rhine, gather everyone together, and produce the whole in the course of a week.” There you have the complete idea; but well might he say “if all the German theatres tumble down,” Wagnerian equivalent for “when pigs fly,” for, in 1851, only in such a contingency could the scheme seem practicable. But the idea haunted him; with the *Ring*, as he well knew, he “broke for ever with the present,” and he continually took refuge in his dream. How, as Wagner pursued his course in despair, King Ludwig sent for him, is well enough known, and the result of King Ludwig coming to the rescue was that Bayreuth became possible—the impossible, the impracticable happened, as it always does when a great history-making work is to be achieved. Meantime, Wagner had been called every name that human ingenuity and inhuman brutality could invent, our own Bennett and the late Davison—“the prince of critics,”—being in the thickest of it. “Charlatan . . . fool . . . Vandal of art . . . Musical Munchausen,” and so forth; these are the “arguments” that were to suppress Bayreuth! Even ridicule cannot stave off a good thing for ever, and, anyhow, Wagner could play that game too—and a pretty row there was whenever he made an uncomplimentary reference to his opponents, and it need not surprise us, as apparently Mr. Joseph Bennett was surprised when he wrote,—“Wagner has been the butt of ridicule for more than

twenty years, and the answer to it all is—Bayreuth.” The ridicule of fools is not such a mighty weapon as the foolish ridicule Mr. Bennett imagines.

#### HOW THE ROOTS WERE WATERED.

In the need of a special theatre, the desire to present his music-dramas to the world adequately, we have the roots of the Bayreuth scheme, and they needed a great deal of watering. It was in 1864 the young king took up Wagner, and in October of that year it was decided that the *Ring* should be completed with all possible despatch, that it might be produced in 1867, in Munich. The fearful tale of intrigue that prevented the thing coming off until 1876 need not here be retold; but we may at least note that Munich itself was greatly to blame. Munich, in fact, was incorrigibly Philistine. One noble professor of music in the town was of opinion that Wagner ought to be hanged forthwith for proposing to desecrate their immaculate city with a Wagner theatre. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* became quite Hibernian in its wrath, and said, “We are, with many experts, of opinion that with the first stone the foundation of a ruin will be laid.” Alas! how the poor Munichers must repent their ill-timed caution when they think of the vast sums spent now by English and American visitors in Bayreuth. Though Munich would not hear of Wagner, other cities would, especially after they found that he would cost them nothing, and might possibly fetch them a great deal. For Tausig had found that the roots could be best watered by Wagner societies; Heckel, of Mannheim, perfected the scheme, and in 1874 there were twenty-five such societies in Europe and one in New York. But Wagner in turn, would not hear of those other towns. He determined that above all things the mere holiday-maker should be kept out: that those who came to enjoy his music should combine that purpose with no other. So in the end he chose Bayreuth. Bayreuth concerts were given in every possible place, to provide the wherewithal to water the roots. Wagner himself gave them in Mannheim and Vienna. For his fifty-ninth birthday he arranged a Beethoven Festival at Bayreuth. The date was (as every Wagnerite and Mr. Henschel knows) May 22, the year 1872. The concert was held in an old opera-house, which, I believe, had for a moment been contemplated as the possible Wagner theatre, and the performance of the choral symphony is a historic matter. Of course Wagner's notion was not merely to commemorate his birthday—to call such a distinguished company together to celebrate such an insignificant event would have been regarded as a piece of unforgivable impudence. The great event of the day was the laying of the foundation stone—the “foundation of a ruin” the Munich paper would have said—of the Bayreuth theatre, which still stands, no ruin, but, on the contrary, in flourishing condition, doing a roaring trade at certain times of certain years. So after the concert the company (distinguished, of course) proceeded to the park, where Wagner, like a king with his court around him, laid the stone. The company went home with or to their wives; the building progressed, and though collapse seemed imminent at one moment, owing to want of cash to water those roots, King Ludwig once more came to the rescue; the theatre was an accomplished fact in 1875, and Wagner, though with many misgivings—for funds were yet scant—announced the festival for the following year.

#### BAYREUTH AND THE THEATRE.

Every one for the last twenty years—in fact, since Bayreuth became a reality—has described Bayreuth, so I suppose I must humbly do the

same on a small scale. The little ancient town is said to be frightfully healthy; and Mr. Haweis—our own inimitable Haweis—found so many different “smells” there (he doesn't use Coleridge's word, but obviously means it) that he wandered the whole town over vainly seeking a place where a breath of pure air might be drawn. A curious fact is that the plague has visited Bayreuth no less than five times—so history says; while now, as I have remarked, its healthiness is terrible to contemplate, and hardly any one ever dies there. Mr. Bennett found the population hopelessly stupid; but that ought not to be set down against Wagner. Stupid populations may be found elsewhere than Bayreuth, and probably the amiable bovine Bayreuthers were stupid long before Wagner thought of going there. The town stands 1,060 feet above the “level of the sea,” as the geography primer of childhood used to say, and perhaps still says. It is a dreamy place, full of decaying old-world palaces, splashing fountains, and surrounded by a persistent living murmur of streams and wind-shaken pine-forests. In cloudy weather there is a feeling of decay and mouldering in the air, one feels chilled and melancholy, and it is impossible to raise one's spirits above zero, even with the aid of ample lager; but in August the heat is terrific, the dust even more so, and one wonders how on earth anything—trees, man, or beast—manages to live there at all. Wagner, Wagner, as well as water, everywhere—that is Bayreuth in August of the festival years; and yet the place is thirsty, and inspires fevered yearning after lager. But in the August of 1876 Wagner could not be seen anywhere. His portrait was in every shop-window; there was Wagner beer, the Wagner tie, Wagner cut of clothes; but the man was far-off. Whether or not, he was settled in his house “Wahnfried,” I cannot remember at the moment; but he was either there or at inn some distance away, and only the favoured few might gain access, however much the others might sigh. Like “Wahnfried,” the Wagner theatre is out of the town—half a mile away, and that half-mile has been cursed with all desirable vigour by many a beer-loving German. The theatre is undoubtedly the most perfect—for its purpose—in the world. The orchestra sunk in an abyss is familiar to every one; so are the rows of seats gradually rising towards the back; and also the much abhorred, but strongly commended, custom of shutting the doors just before the performance begins; and, in a word, it is unnecessary for me to add to the literature on the subject.

#### THE FESTIVAL.

In that fearfully hot August of '76 Bayreuth was packed with visitors of every sort and grade. The audience had literally come from the ends of the earth. It included emperors, kings, grand dukes, plain, common, or garden dukes, and earls; mere lords were there in shoals, and ordinary persons unblest of titles in mobs. Food and shelter could not be found for them, so that to the end of the world it will remain (in all probability) an impenetrable mystery where many of them slept, what were the prices they paid, and how they got food enough to keep body and soul together. Endless good-nature and excitement seem to have prevented riots amongst contending parties for food and victuals. Mr. Joseph Bennett declares there were rows, and though his story is quite unsupported, it is worth while quoting the following, for even (as indeed is likely) if it is not true, it shows the state of mind into which the excitement threw a foolish Wagner-hater. “On Tuesday night, I am sorry to say, the conflict, from being one of intel-



tual give-and-take, descended to the region of fistcuffs, one of Wagner's followers, as pugnacious as his chief, taking the initiative. A Berlin critic having, within earshot of this personage—who represents the 'Purely Human, freed from all Conventionality'—said something about the *Nibelungen*, received a beer-can in his face, and had to retire with a broken nose. Something approaching a free fight is said to have resulted, and the Wagnerian champion found reason to know that society, for its own sake, insists, through a policeman, upon the 'purely human' exercising a little self-restraint. Siegfried may have been a glorious hero when the earth was young, but the world, grown old and conservative of order, hales him before a magistrate."

On Tuesday, August 13, Wagner had intended to commence *Rhinegold* at five p.m. sharp (Wagner was always sharp), but the Emperor of Brazil could not get there until seven; and out of consideration for an elderly gentleman who had come so far to hear (Mr. Bennett may have thought) so little, a postponement of the required two hours was made.

A few moments before the curtain was timed to rise every wise person had his lamp trimmed—or rather was in his place—for at seven the inexorable doors closed, and then there was no admission until the first pause. The curtain duly rose, and one of the most enchanting dramas in the world began. The famous Betz played Wotan; Vogl took Loge; Hill, Alberich; Schlosser, Mime; Gura, Donner; Eilers, Fasolt; Reichenburg, Fafner; and the Rhine-maidens were taken by Marie Lammert and Lillie and Marie Lehmann. Every pause was followed by tremendous applause, but no one appeared—neither singers nor Wagner—to acknowledge it. An acknowledgment was indeed made, in the form of a placard posted next day; but Wagner was implacable in his resolution that the illusion should not be spoiled by allowing the stage to become mere ordinary work-a-day earth, inhabited by mere ordinary work-a-day human beings. To save his theatre from being wrecked by enthusiastic, well-meaning persons, he only broke through his rule, as I will presently describe.

For the most part everything went capitally. The singers knew their parts, and worked with a will; the same may be said of the orchestra; and only a few trifling slips occurred to the scene-shifters. The rainbow was a failure, and so was the toad or serpent; but these were all that went to mar one of the finest performances on record. In the applause mentioned all the emperors, kings, and et ceteras, however highly born, joined. This went on when the *Walküre* was produced, and *Siegfried* and the *Götterdämmerung*, until after the last the audience were determined, having heard Wagner's music, to hear his voice; and they clapped and shouted and stamped until he made the one breach in his rule I have mentioned. He came and said, "To your fervour, and to the infinite exertions of my co-operating artists you owe this deed. What I have to say to you besides this might be summed up in a few words, in an axiom. You have seen what we can do: it is now for you to will. And if you will, we shall have a new world!"

The audience went home to dream of the unheard-of grandeur of the achievement; the critics to write that it had been a failure, and that Wagner had implied that there was no art until he came. They spent themselves with raving, unaware that the raving of such vile creatures was the best proof of the value of Wagner's art; and when they had spent themselves they calmly fell to prophesying that the public, even if it had gone to Bayreuth once,

would never go again. This is the year 1895, and there have been nine festivals. The critics also prophesied that the *Ring* would never be popular with the public. Since 1876 it has been performed over two thousand times. What other work in the world can show such a record?

The opening day of Bayreuth had a significance far beyond any that touches Bayreuth town and the persons who call themselves Wagnerites. It assured the performance of a noble addition to the world's art-repertory. Whether Bayreuth goes on or Bayreuth stops concerns no one now save those who make their living out of Bayreuth; but we have the Wagner music-dramas for ever.

## Oxford Musical Criticisms.

THE first series of Studies in Modern Music by Mr. W. H. Hadow received unusual applause; the second, recently published by Messrs. Seeley, bids fair to run its predecessor close for the favour of musicians. The first dealt with Berlioz, Schumann, and Wagner; the second is devoted to the consideration of Chopin, Dvorak, and Brahms. What special reason, if any, the author may have had for dumping down the various composers in such ungracious contiguity is unknown to me; but there they are. Moreover, out of the three hundred and four pages of the book, no less than seventy-six are given to a treatise—"The Outlines of Musical Form." Then Chopin gets ninety pages, Dvorak fifty-two, Brahms the remaining seventy-five. Of the preliminary treatise some portions are excellent, some just as much the reverse. Again and again Mr. Hadow leads us up to the brick wall that blocks the way to any rational, i.e., intellectual, permanent basis for criticism; he points to the fact that the wall is there, and that we cannot get beyond it; and then, hey presto! we are wheeled smartly to the right or the left, and before we have recovered from the passing confusion, are on another route that brings us surely to the brick wall again. As an exercise in intellectual gymnastics it is interesting; but the sad thing is that Mr. Hadow appears to think that if he can only keep on dodging long enough he will ultimately find a way, unblocked by walls, into the promised land of an intellectual basis for criticism. Yet he repeatedly tells us there is no such basis.

Failing a real basis, Mr. Hadow has constructed for himself an artificial one. He grants that we can never analyse beauty; but we can analyse "structure" and "form," and he therefore insists that certain kinds of these are essential to great music. On "form,"—meaning thereby classical form,—he lays special stress. He proves how the various forms, and proportions of the component parts of those forms, grew out of the early folk-song; therefore, he says,—and it is an astounding therefore—the form of the classical masters is true, is based on nature, is everlasting. He does not say this in so many words—it would be better if he did—but it is implied by his criticism of the form used by Chopin and Dvorak, and his almost gushing admiration of the form used by Brahms. The truth is that the classical form was used for scarcely half a century, and has been temporarily revived by Brahms in a pedantic spirit that will send his music out of date at a headlong pace so soon as his personal influence ceases to be exercised. When Bach died in

1750, when Handel died in 1759, there was no form—as we understand the word—there was no thematic development. Haydn was the first to use it satisfactorily, and we may consider it to have been mastered by him and Mozart, say, about 1780. In 1827, not half a century later, Beethoven died; and after him no master wrote with any sense of form, until Brahms, with his immense skill, commonplace mind, and lack of emotion, set out to revive a dead, bloodless tradition. Of course there is, and always will be, form in music, but not necessarily,—in fact, one may say necessarily not,—classical form. There is no form that cannot be traced back to the folk-song just as easily as the classical form is traced back by Mr. Hadow. The question has been wrapped in needless mystery by stupidity and pedanticism. Here is the whole matter:—

Subject I. Mr. B. is an abominably bad-tempered man; but  
Subject II. Mrs. B. is a charming, sweet-tempered woman; and,  
In consequence of these differences of temperament, various incidents occur, in which now Mr. B.'s bad temper and now Mrs. B.'s sweetness play a part; and after the rows are over,  
Recapitulation: Subject I. Mr. B. remains as bad tempered as at first, while  
Subject II. Mrs. B. goes on her way sweetly as ever, and  
Coda. It's a great pity they married.

I have given most attention to Mr. Hadow's notions about form, because Mr. Hadow himself bases his judgment of the various composers chiefly upon it. Needless to say, this leads him into sundry curious errors. He evidently thinks Brahms a much greater musician than Chopin, regardless of the fact that any one of Chopin's finer works has more beauty in it than all Brahms has written. Strangest of all, the songs which may fairly be claimed as amongst the greatest masterpieces achieved in that line are only cursorily touched on, so little does Mr. Hadow think of beauty, so much of form. That being so, it is not at all curious nor strange that he should think Dvorak worthy to stand beside Chopin, or even Brahms. It is as though one should apply a foot-rule to a picture, find that the proportions of the composition were much the same as those in (say) Michael Angelo's greatest works, and straightway declare that the unknown painter of the picture was as great as Michael Angelo, forgetting, of course, the minor points of drawing and colour.

The logical faculty Mr. Hadow has in an unusually high degree; energy and industry he has, and a robust common sense. He knows that emotion and beauty have a place in music, but he seems never to have felt them and acquired knowledge of them at first hand. Hence he is as a blind man that talks of the sunlight and the colour of the trees! His book-knowledge may enable him to pass muster with those who are in the same plight as himself. It has enabled him to pass muster, for he is a university extension lecturer on—music! But to those of us who know music, who love it, it is a piteous spectacle to see a talented man wasting his time in a field that is to him wholly barren. This is Mr. Hadow's second series of essays, and there is never a word to show that he appreciates the difference between, say, the quality, the character, of Chopin's music, and the quality of Brahms'. And yet these Studies are undoubted attempts at criticism, and Mr. Hadow is satisfied with them. It is deplorable.

## Richard Wagner and the Month of May.

And when again the day did gleam,  
The spell was gone that bound me—  
'Twas May! sweet May! For May had come,  
The balmy, balmy May!

*Tannhäuser, Act I. Scene III.*

It seemed so old, yet new its chime,  
Like songs of birds in sweet May-time.

*Hans Sachs' Monologue, Act II.*

*"Die Meistersinger."*

**L**ORD TENNYSON in his masterly poem of "Maud" likens the human race to a set of chessmen upon a board moved by some unseen hand. This power of divine predestination is not only applied to outstanding events in our lives, but is, from its very nature applied to *all* our actions. Hence it is that, in obedience to some unwritten command, some particular season may be looked upon by us as more suitable than any other for the commencement of some new scheme of work; this may perhaps be but a relic of superstitious thought, yet there can be little doubt that such trivial details *do* possess a power over us, which can be slavishly obeyed until the limit is reached, as, when we decline to travel or undertake anything of importance upon a Friday!

In the study of Wagner's life—which is ever so fascinating, new, and interesting—one is led to marvel at the strange coincidence, if such it be, which caused so many all-important events in his life to take place in the month of May. Without setting *all* these occasions down, it might interest the readers of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC if I put one or two of the more important before them, to show what a strange system of predestined coincidence must have been at work to bring about the following facts.

I need hardly remind the reader that Wagner was born in May 1813. The herald of a new faith which was within its catholic embrace to bring many into a knowledge of the truth both deeper and wider than any that had as yet been proclaimed. The spring had just finished its appointed course, and the glorious summer was about to take its place—a time of year when the handiwork of man in nature's realm finds a consummation; when the "seed-time" becomes "the harvest," and when the full, ripe, golden corn reaches maturity. This was not only so in the natural world but also in the musical. Wagner—the composer, poet, philosopher, critic, and essayist—who had before him a life's work of the vastest proportions, was in a measure bound to do what he did, for was not the artistic world ready for a deliverer? Ready for one to break away from the pedantic forms of the past and lead on to the possibilities of the future, taking what was best and greatest from what *was* known, to form a foundation upon which to reach the *Unknown*.

As the years rolled round and his "name-day" would come again, it is I think within the bounds of possibility that the poet-composer's vivid imagination would lead him to think of the coincidence between his line of thought and the unique position of his "birth-month," both standing between the old and the new, between the "has been" and the "might be."

It was in May, 1833, that Wagner took up his abode with his brother Albert—as chorus-master—in the lovely little city of Würzburg, a step which had no small influence on his after-life.

In May, 1843, he finished the words of a

work which for melody, dramatic interest, and orchestration had up till then never been surpassed, viz. *Tannhäuser*—the most complete picture of the journey of a soul in search of peace ever penned. When the wiles and vicious charms of Venus come to be a dread memory of the past, Wagner makes his hero wake to a new day of hope; to a new era of his life, upon a May morning! What more significant proof that the unique position of his birth-month already had cast a spell over him!

The next outstanding May was that of 1849, when amid the turbulent uproar of the Dresden Insurrections the "Political-Agitator Wagner" was forced to fly the country and was declared an outlaw—an outlawry which lasted twelve years. And yet this was a blessing in disguise. Through his banishment Wagner was led to realize, far more keenly than he could otherwise have done, a sense of complete artistic liberty, which was absolutely essential to the full development of his many-sided genius.

The first outcome of this—and what a lovely one it is!—was the commencement in May, 1853, and completion in May, 1854, of the poetical and idyllic music-drama of *Das Rheingold*—a work steeped in the choicest fancies and replete with the daintiest touches; a work which flows in one unbroken stream of purest and richest melody from Prelude to Procession to Walhalla, and reveals at every bar the hand of a past-master in graphic tone-painting.

Also in May, 1853, was held in Zurich the first "Wagner Festival," for which many hundreds of musicians gathered together. Selections from his works were performed on a grander scale than had as yet been attempted, and so the spirit of the exiled composer was cheered, and the advent heralded of those great "Wagner Festivals" which have become the homes of what is best in art. In passing I cannot forbear from calling attention to the fact that it was in May, 1855, that the now famous critique on the overture to *Tannhäuser* appeared in the *Times*. If there was yet a proof wanted of Wagner's increasing popularity, few would be so effectual as the comparison of this notice with any one written upon the same piece to-day. Surely musical criticism reached its lowest level in England when such words as these were written: "A more inflated display of extravagant and stupid noise has rarely been submitted to an audience!"

I now pass to a more pleasant reminiscence of the charming month. When visiting Vienna during the years 1860-62, Wagner heard for the first time upon a stage, in the Austrian capital, a performance of *Lohengrin*. Franz Liszt had produced it in Weimar in August, 1850, but Wagner was then an outlaw, and it was not until May, 1861, that he was enabled to witness a production of his own lovely work—a work in which he made further strides away from the preconceived notions of operatic form, and thus raised the level of opera to a height never before reached. When speaking of *Lohengrin*, Wagner once said that he felt as if he had set it to music from the wrong end; a remark which goes to prove how thoroughly analytically critical his mind was.

The next famous occurrence in May is one, perhaps, that had more influence on his later years than any other. It was in May, 1864, that he met for the first time the art-loving King of Bavaria, Ludwig II. Had it not been for the support given to Wagner by his royal patron, the Festivals at Bayreuth might have been seriously delayed. What Wagnerism owes to Ludwig II. can only be fully appreciated by those of us who have been to the artists' Mecca.

It is, I trust, not too far a flight into the shadow-land of supposition for us to add to this month the credit of the first ideas of the *Homage March*. Written first for military band, and then arranged for full orchestra, partly by Wagner and Raff, it is I think more than probable that the thankful composer sketched this tribute of love during the month in which he had first met his deliverer.

It was also in May, 1872, that the first stone was laid of the great Fest-Haus in Bayreuth. The hopes of a lifetime were then realized. Deep and stirring must have been the thoughts within Wagner's mind on that lovely May morning when he laid the corner stone, not only of his theatre, but of his hopes. He had spent his life for the purification of art, without ever once lowering his high standard. Friends and foes had alike misunderstood. The battle had been long and sharp, at times almost too sharp; the smoke had blinded the eyes of some who *could* have seen in the clear, and the dim had been added to by those who would *never* see! But on this May morning—the anniversary of his birth—"the spell was gone," and it was "May! sweet May! The balmy, balmy May." The past was of yesterday, the present lit with the light of gladness and the future a vast plain of possibilities.

In conclusion, let us not forget May, 1877, when England was enabled to add her voice to the swelling chorus of praise which was now being sung over Europe in Wagner's honour. It was during this month that the First Wagner Festival was held in the Albert Hall, London, under his baton, which did so much to enlighten England as to Wagner's true worth.

A glance at these coincidences cannot but be for our benefit. If they have been nothing but pegs upon which to hang a few reminiscences of his life, their existence will not have been in vain—but I fancy they have been something more—

Known and unknown; human, divine;  
Sweet human hand and lips and eyes,  
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,  
Mine, mine for ever, ever mine.

S. FRASER HARRIS.

## Calls on Celebrities.

### NO. 3. THE PRIMA DONNA.

**E**VERYBODY ought to know the stately house, standing in its own picturesque grounds, which is the favourite residence of Madame Juliet Gabrielli.

There, amidst the manifold beauties of Nature, the famous *cantatrice* lives, moves and has her being, entertaining the royalties and the great folk who love to flock round her, filling the air with her matchless voice, which thousands of feathered songsters in the neighbouring trees try in vain to imitate.

"Who would not be a *prima donna*?" I said to myself, as I passed through the lodge gates and made my way along a well-gravelled road, bordered with velvety turf, towards Madame Gabrielli's house, from the open windows of which were borne upon the fragrant breeze snatches of song.

I found the great singer in her own dainty room. The couch on which she half sat, half reclined, in an attitude of unstudied elegance, was luxuriously cushioned, and the apartment was redolent with the scent of attar of roses.

Madame Gabrielli greeted me with delightful affability, and as she recounted her many triumphs with the easy frankness of a woman







UNFINISHED BUST OF RICHARD WAGNER

*Last work of Lorenz Gidon in possession of Friedrich Schön, of Worms*





RICHARD WAGNER

*Reproduction of a Steel Engraving made by Krauss, after a Photograph*





conscious of her powers, I realized to what extent the success of a great artist is due to the charm of personality. There could be no doubt about it; Madame Gabrielli was a decidedly attractive woman.

"You know," she said, and it almost seemed as if she had divined my thoughts, "the singer of to-day is, and must be, a very different personage to the singer of, say, fifty years ago."

"The Swedish nightingale, for instance," I remarked.

My hostess smiled.

"A plain face and the manners of a Quaker. What would you say to that now?"

"Persiani, Titians."

"Great artists. Glorious singers. But nothing more."

"Our public demand so much from us," Madame Gabrielli went on. "We set their fashions, write their stories, and—"

"Choose their soap," I suggested.

She didn't appear to notice my interruption.

"The Count—he is my *alter ego*—writes my autographs, composes my testimonials, and does a thousand other things for me, and a hard time he has of it."

"I hope the Count does not object to—er—interviews," I said presently. Somehow our *tit-a-tit* seemed to be partaking more of a confidential than of a professional character.

"Oh, he is my husband, you know."

The explanation satisfied her, so I pursued the subject no further, except to remark in a casual way that he was a happy man.

"You don't know," she replied, with a pretty, demure look, which was so decidedly taking that I felt all the more confident of the fact.

"You want to see my treasures," said Madame Gabrielli, as if by a sudden inspiration.

I acquiesced politely, though, to tell the truth, I had not given the treasures a thought.

Gabrielli led the way to another room, larger and handsomer than that we had just left.

"This is the temple of Euterpe," she said.

"And this is the Genius of the muse," I added, taking a position before a charming picture of my hostess, and gazing admiringly at the elegant contour and stately pose which the artist had caught so cleverly.

"A gift from the Maharajah of Singapore," said Madame Gabrielli. "Here is a catalogue of my presents which the Count has had printed. Is it not a good idea?"

"Superb," I answered, my thoughts and eyes still upon the picture.

My reverie was interrupted by Madame Gabrielli calling my attention to the organ which stood in the further corner of the room.

"It is named after me 'The Gabrielli Organ,'" she explained, "and is the chief companion of my solitary hours."

"And the Count?" I queried.

"Blows the bellows."

"You have not sung to me," I said presently. The conversation would lead back to herself.

"You have not asked me," she replied with a little laugh.

"But you knew," I began, softly, my eyes encountering hers as I spoke.

She stopped me; quite unnecessarily I thought.

"Well, I might have been sure you would feel some interest in a beautiful song."

"Or a beautiful singer," I returned, taking her hand and leading her toward the piano.

The door opened as I did so.

"The Count," said Madame Gabrielli calmly, withdrawing her hand at the same moment.

An elderly-looking man entered and bowed slightly at the mention of his name.

"May I come again for my song?" I murmured as I wished her good-bye.

She smiled sweetly, and replied, just loud enough for her husband to hear:

"You may ask the Count."

W. B.

## Village Music.

**A**RE the English people really musical? Pay a visit, gentle reader, to the village of Stickmud, in East Kent, and you will be able to judge for yourself.

There you will find the Englishman of pure blood,—the descendant of the Jutes who landed on the shores of Kent nearly a thousand years ago. In the East Kent villages he and his descendants have lived and toiled ever since, practically untouched by the many civilizing influences which age after age have swept over the land. The modern Jute is a son of the soil. He eats, drinks, sleeps, and trudges the chalky land, year in year out. His amusements are few, his religion is simple.

And yet the influences of modern art, and especially of music, are not only capable of touching the sensibilities of the typical village Englishman, but in Stickmud at least some real progress has been made. The progress is certainly slow, but then listeners have to be educated quite as much as performers, and a constituency has to be created which can enjoy musical refinements.

The native of Stickmud began first to appreciate good music in his ancient parish church. What the musical part of the service was fifty years ago may be gathered from any old Stickmudian. "Lor bless yer, sir, we didn't 'ave no organs nor sich like when I wor a boy. Old Billy Smith he blowed the serpent for nigh forty year in the singing pew, and Tom Jones he could fiddle all the tunes the people know'd. Then we 'ad a flute and a bass viol at times, and Mary Ann Williams 'ad a rare voice—she led the singin' for well on for twenty year."

Then came the great musical revolution, when it was not considered to be at all correct to have a Nebuchadnezzar's band in church. The newly invented harmonium—for organs were expensive—must take its place. With many a grumble the members of the various church bands disperse, some of them never to darken the doors of their churches again. The village schoolmistress now painfully fingers out hymns and chants to the discordant tones of the untrained school-children, and so things remain in many parishes until quite modern times.

In Stickmud things were a little better. The squire, anxious to perpetuate his name as a benefactor of mankind, and perhaps sincerely wishful to aid religion, presented an organ. The blue stops were good, but the "mixture"—oh! a lady who usually played avoided this stop. But sometimes an energetic young schoolmaster took her place, and then—! The natives, however, seemed to like it, and went home remarking, "Muster Tompkins played won'erful powerful to-day 'e did."

At length arrives the inevitable day when Stickmud church is to be restored. The organ is removed from its exalted position at the west end. The singing pew disappears along with it, and both are relegated to an obscure corner behind the congregation; not that the singing was any better for this change of position. On the contrary, an organ never sounds so well as when in a west end gallery; but then it had become unfashionable to have a gallery, and so the organ must come down.

In process of time the old rector departs this life, and the new one arrives. He is young,

energetic, and has a good knowledge of music. The natives of Stickmud never knew the agony his sensitive ear endured on the first Sunday on which he officiated in the parish church. The apology for a choir, far away at the west end; the organ hidden by a huge pillar and behind the quasi-choir; the rector himself alone in the chancel, realizing as he never had done before the position of "a sparrow alone upon the housetop"; the dreary dragging of the hymns—all more or less out of tune, the defective harmony, the exaggeration of all the punctuation in the singing of the canticles; the complaisance and self-satisfaction of the male and female members of the choir! It was, in a word, a never-to-be-forgotten day.

Visit Stickmud to-day, and you will be disappointed if you should expect to enjoy such a service. The ancient church is there, the Stickmudians are there, the musical rector is there, but much else is changed. The organ, after the parish has enjoyed the amusement of a special vestry meeting and other excitements, has been rebuilt and placed near the chancel. The choir is surprised, and placed in suitable stalls in the chancel. The service is choral, and the music is rendered correctly, in good time and tune, and with careful expression. Nay, more, it has been found that the inhabitants, both of Stickmud and of the surrounding villages, have a real if hitherto undeveloped love for sweet sounds, for an excellent series of concerts, at which the standard works of the great composers have been performed, have attracted crowded and appreciative audiences. A choral society is in full swing, which renders from time to time in the village church such works as Spohr's *Last Judgment*, Mendelssohn's *Saint Paul*, and Handel's *Messiah*. Ay, and this choral society consists of genuine Stickmudians, and their enthusiasm is such that there is some talk of reviving Nebuchadnezzar's band. Not, be it noted, as a substitute for the organ, but as a church orchestra, in order that a worthy and adequate presentation may be made of oratorio and other music. As you pass by the cottages in Stickmud on a winter's evening, you may be surprised to hear sweet sounds—here a family glee party, there a violin or a piano, for some of the natives have even aspired to a piano. There is even some talk of the performance of an operetta in the village school, in which the present inhabitants will represent their ancient forefathers in their deeds of love and war.

Who can tell what may be in store for Stickmud, or how far the influence of its musical life will extend?

## Her Violin.

*I would I were her violin,  
To rest beneath her dimpled chin,  
And softly kiss her swan-white throat,  
And breathe my love through every note.  
When o'er my strings her fingers fair  
Should lightly wander here and there,  
The while her flashing bow did press  
My bosom with its swift caress,  
Then would I waken into song  
The rapture that had slumbered long.  
Mine ear against her swelling breast,  
Should hearken to its sweet unrest,  
And—happy spy!—then should I know  
How, deep beneath that drifted snow,  
A blissful tumult in her heart  
Made all her fluttering pulses start.  
Then that high calm, that maiden grace,  
That meekly proud and peerless face,  
That aureole of sun-bright hair,  
That brow such as the seraphs wear—  
No longer these should baffle quite  
The anxious lover's dazed sight.  
Ah, would I were her violin,  
That thus her secret I might win.*

"The Century." JAMES B. KEYNON.

## The Harmonium, and how to play it.

"WILL you give me some lessons on the harmonium?"

The question, put by a bright, intelligent-looking youth, staggered me completely.

I had just declined a pupil for the trombone, for the reason that my acquaintance with the instrument was limited. Must I decline this one on the same ground? I had certainly "presided at the harmonium," as the papers say, on one or two occasions many years before, but did I know really anything about the instrument? Could I teach it? Before I had framed an answer to these questions, another, and a more difficult one, rose in my mind. Was there anything in it worth teaching?

I turned to my visitor.

"Do you," I said, "a young man with, I presume, artistic taste, and probably some musical skill, seriously intend to give your time to the study of such an instrument as the harmonium?"

"That is my desire, certainly."

I must have whistled, or uttered some exclamation of surprise, for my would-be pupil went on:

"Is it a very strange wish? Surely harmoniums are made to be played, else why are they made at all?"

"I have often asked that question myself," I remarked. "That instrument," pointing to a venerable Alexandre which stood in the corner of the room, "came into my possession ten years ago, and I believe the keys have never seen daylight since that time."

"You are not an enthusiast so far as the harmonium is concerned, evidently."

"No. Perhaps by the time I have taught you to play, I shall be."

The remark was made carelessly, but it proved to be prophetic.

I undertook to give my new pupil the lessons he required, and he departed, fully satisfied that under my guidance he would speedily master the musical instrument upon which he had set his heart.

The first thing I did after he had taken his leave, was to write to an old acquaintance who, having published a book entitled "How to Play the Harmonium and the American Organ," was supposed to be an authority on the subject. I stated the case plainly to him, pointing out that I was anxious to do my best for my pupil, and asking him, as a friend, to give me a hint as to the best method of procedure.

"Of course," I added, "I shall use your book of instruction."

The reply I received was disappointing and unsatisfactory.

"I have almost forgotten the book you allude to," wrote my friend. "To tell the truth, it was written to order a long time ago, and the facts, as well as the other things which are *not* facts, contained in it, were carefully compiled from other similar works. I tried once to learn the harmonium from it myself, but gave up the attempt as hopeless."

I determined now to find out for myself what I could about the harmonium. The instrument I had in my possession turned out to be a very good one, in spite of its antiquity, and the more I played, the more pleased I was with its tone, and with the effects to be produced from it.

I had hitherto regarded the harmonium as nothing more than a feeble substitute for the

organ; that it possessed any individual characteristics worthy of note had never occurred to me. I soon found, however, that not only was it capable of the most refined expression, resembling in this respect the violin and violoncello, but it offered resources to the player which he could command upon no other instrument.

In dealing with the capabilities of the harmonium, a short description of its construction and development will be useful. And here let me say I am speaking of the harmonium proper—not of its near relative the American organ, which has less variety of tone and not nearly so much power of expression.

The tones of the harmonium are produced by thin, flexible tongues of metal set in motion by pressure of air, and called "free reeds" or "vibrators." The idea of employing these "free reeds" upon a keyboard instrument originated with a Frenchman, who, at the beginning of this century introduced the *orgue expressif*, of which the harmonium is the direct descendant.

The *orgue expressif* consisted of a single set of "vibrators," five octaves in compass, producing varying intensities of sound according to the wind-force brought to bear on them. The bellows, of which there were two pairs, appear to have been fed by treadles.

This ingenious instrument was quickly followed by others of a similar kind, among which may be mentioned the *Organo-Violine*, the *Eoline*, and the *Physharmonica*, the reeds of the latter being set in vibration by *inspiration* instead of *expiration*—a principle adopted afterwards in the manufacture of the American organ.

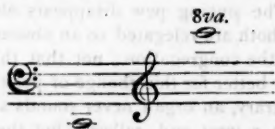
The *Seraphine*, an English instrument, introduced in 1839, although in appearance closely resembling the harmonium as we have it now, differed from it in some important particulars.

To another Frenchman, Alexandre Debain, we are indebted for the harmonium proper. Taking advantage of the work of his predecessors, he pressed such results as were necessary to his success into his own service. He opened the path to contrasts in colour of free-reed tone, and patented a contrivance for uniting several stops on one keyboard. The name Harmonium was also his invention.

The Expression, which may be described as the life and soul of the harmonium, was invented by the Alexandres. By the use of this stop, which shuts off the reservoir from communication with the wind-chest, and places the whole column of air in direct contact with the reeds, the least variation of pressure upon the treadles produces a corresponding difference in the strength of the sound. Thus, the player has at his command every gradation of tone, from the softest *pianissimo* to the grand and imposing *double forte*.

Other more recent improvements to be mentioned are the Percussion Action, a clever adaptation of the pianoforte escapement, giving the harmonium quicker speech; and the Double Touch now used in the famous instruments of Mustel of Paris, and Gilbert Bauer, an artistic London maker, by which increased tone can be produced by a greater depression of the key.

The keyboard of the harmonium has a compass of five octaves.



The lower and upper portions of the instruments are divided internally, and draw-stops are given to each separate portion. The range of the bass stops is up to, and includes, E on

the first line of the treble staff; and the treble, from the F upwards.

An ordinary harmonium contains four complete sets of vibrators, represented by eight stops, usually numbered from 1 to 4 on the bass and the treble side of the instrument. The following is a list of these stops, with their characteristics:—

No. 1. *Cor Anglais* and *Flute*. 8 ft. pitch. Round and full tone.

No. 2. *Bourdon* and *Clarinet*. 16 ft. pitch. Round and full tone. Slow of speech.

No. 3. *Clarion* and *Fife*. 4 ft. pitch. Bright tone, useful in giving brilliancy to full organ.

No. 4. *Bassoon* and *Hautbois*. 8 ft. pitch. Thin tone, rather slow of speech.

Other stops found on larger instruments are—*Harp Eolienne*. Bass, 2 ft. pitch. Thin and piercing tone. Consisting of two half-sets of reeds, slightly out of tune with each other, producing a tremulous effect.

*Musette*. Treble. 16 ft. pitch. Nasal tone.

*Voix Celeste*. Treble. 16 ft. pitch. Two half-sets of a very delicate quality.

*Baryton*. Treble. 32 ft. pitch. Nasal, but full-broad tone.

The Expression stop is generally labelled E; and the *Grand Jeu*, which gives the full power of the instrument, is marked G. Other accessories are the two *Forte* stops, which are placed at each end of the row, and labelled O. The *Tremolo* and the *Sourdine*, found on many old instruments, are now discarded by the principal makers.

So much for the structure of the harmonium. I must leave what I have to say about "How to play it" till next month.

## Word Pronunciation in Singing.

MOST people will agree with me in saying that half the charm of a song is lost when it is rendered in such a way that every word is not distinctly heard and understood. Now, there are many singers who, though thorough musicians themselves, and not devoid of poetic feeling and dramatic power, yet lack the art of conveying to their hearers the actual words they are singing. They may be feeling and understanding every word themselves, and yet be quite unconscious that their hearers do not even know whether the words uttered are in English, German, French, or Italian. Sometimes this is owing to a physical difficulty, for there is no doubt that the formation of some mouths renders word pronunciation far less easy than that of others.

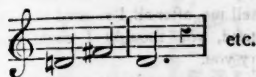
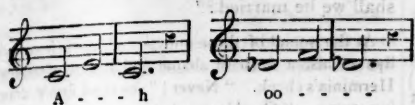
Having studied singing for a good many years, and gathered valuable advice on this subject from good teachers, and also from good singers, I am writing down a few little hints which I hope may prove helpful to those who experience any difficulty with their word pronunciation in singing.

The voice should be brought as much as possible on to the lips. The difficulty in the word pronunciation of some people is, that the lips are not sufficiently mobile and flexible. To these I would recommend the practice of reading aloud with the teeth clenched. Let the reader try this plan for a few moments, carefully pronouncing and "finishing" each word, and he will see what excellent (and at first, tiring) exercise this is for the lips.

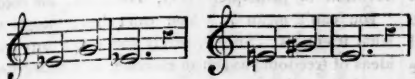
It will be found of great service to practise



daily, intervals of thirds, fourths, and fifths, on the different vowels thus :—



(as in gold)

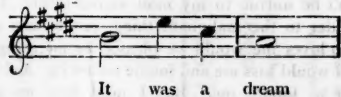


(as in the German word Mädchen)

Some singers experience great difficulty with the vowel *ee*. Great care must be taken to avoid a nasal sound; *ee* must be rendered more like *eu* in singing. For instance, the word *dream* should be sung more as if it were spelt *dreume*, otherwise it would sound nasal. The consonant at the end of a word like this must be carefully pronounced. When sufficient time has been given to the note (on the vowel, of course), the lips must distinctly close to pronounce the *m*, that the word may be neatly and properly finished. Some singers have a slovenly habit of omitting this important detail, and their audience may well think that the words sung are, for instance :—



instead of



When a singer experiences special difficulty with the pronunciation of a vowel which occurs often in the words of any particular song, he will find it very helpful to sing over a whole passage in which these words occur on *oo*, *ee*, *o*, *a*, or whatever the vowel may be which causes the difficulty.

It is generally acknowledged that the easiest vowel for singing is *a* as in *fa*, *la*, etc., and more words should be sung on this vowel than the beginner is probably aware of. Such words as *I*, *eye*, *child*, *come*, and even the little article *a* should all be sung on this broad open sound *ah*.

The wider the mouth is opened, the better the sound will carry, and the more distinctly the words will be heard, provided they are properly finished in the way I mentioned above.

To people who cannot pronounce their *r*'s, I hardly know what advice to give; anyhow, it should be remembered that the *r* should always be rather more "roughed" in singing than in speaking. There are some words such as *dear* and *fire*, which untaught singers sometimes make into two syllables. This is wrong: *dear* should always be sung as *deër* (the *ee* of course being pronounced more like *eu*), and *fire* should be pronounced *far*, special care being taken in each case that the *r* at the end of the word is distinctly heard; but if this is *overdone*, it will sound affected and inartistic. To sing in such a way that not one word (whether sung soft or loud) be lost upon the audience, should be one of the principal aims and objects of every singer.

I will close these few remarks with a word of encouragement to those who wish to excel in this art. The singers who can pronounce their words distinctly have this decided advantage over those who cannot—they can generally

succeed in charming an *unmusical* as well as a musical audience.

EVELYN.

## How to Play Mozart's Sonatas.

(Continued from page 78.)

THE section immediately after the double bar is a perfect terror to students; and there is only one way to learn it. You must take the right-hand part of the first eight bars, which will be found to consist entirely of semiquavers,—indeed they form a kind of figure, which, however, is not followed very closely,—and thoroughly master it and get the "tune" of it into your head before you go on to the left-hand part. When once you can play it with absolute smoothness, no hesitation, and almost automatically, you must begin with the left-hand part. This is the melody: the right hand has the accompaniment. Consequently, while the right hand part is subdued, and the tone rather "dry," the left-hand must sing, and indeed, be played with all possible expression :—



It will be noted that in the first bar I have placed a pause over the F natural, and in the second both a pause and an accent over the C natural. These pauses, of course, must be of the slightest, just enough to make the melody live; and these two bars may be followed as a kind of pattern, the rule being that in every case the highest note is dwelt on for a moment. At the ninth bar (after the double-bar) a new rhythm is introduced, and the greatest care must be exercised to carry it on with a sufficiently broad sweep, so to speak. The strongest accent occurs on the second beat of each bar, thus :—



The high D in the first bar of the above quotation must be strongly marked, and the B (above which I have placed two accents) must be struck with even more emphasis. Bars 11 and 12, 13 and 14, must be dealt with in the same way. At bar 15 the ordinary rhythm, with the strongest accent on the first beat of the bar, is resumed. This leads to the repetition of the first section; and as it corresponds very closely I need say nothing about it, with the exception of the last few bars. The passage :—



—demands long study and practice, for the crotchet beats must come forth emphatically, yet without disturbing the absolute legato of the semiquavers in the treble. Then in the next bar the accents must be played as I have given them; a double share on the first and third beats (in the bass), and a single share to the first of each of the groups of quavers on the third and fourth beats in the treble.

Then again, three bars later, a passage occurs requiring attention. If you turn back to bars four and five, counting backward from the double bar, you find this :—



Now at bars four and five before the double bar the same passage should occur, but does not exactly, in the key of D. The first passage literally transposed, with the octaves which Mozart here inserts, would be :—



But a reference to the score shows at a glance what has happened. The pianoforte of Mozart's day was not the proud possessor of that upper F sharp and A—indeed, many specimens were without anything above the D—and Mozart had to spoil his phrase to make it playable. Spoilt it is—for those smooth *piano* quavers lead beautifully up to the triumphant F sharp, whereas to follow the F natural by an A is ridiculous; and I have not the smallest doubt that Mozart used unparliamentary language as he wrote it, and uses similar language as he walks the dreary shores of Acheron, every time he hears the letter-loving but spirit-killing pianist play the passage as it is printed in every edition of the sonatas. It is a scandal that Mozart's shade should be thus annoyed, and that the other inhabitants of the district he infests should have their manners corrupted; wherefore I suggest that now, henceforth and for ever, the reading I have given above shall be adopted.

(To be continued.)

## ✦ Authors and their Works. ✦

GRANT ALLEN.

**T**HERE are many reasons why Mr. Grant Allen should be regarded as the greatest literary curiosity of our time. Long ago it was said of him that his ambition was to have an article in every magazine, and a paradox in every article. He succeeded so well, that when a humorous or a tragic story, or a scientific article, or a descriptive paper, or something about emigration, or a dissertation on American morals, or a tirade about "free love," appeared anonymously in a magazine, the shrewd ones at once attributed it to Mr. Grant Allen. The shrewd ones were probably right in nine cases out of ten. And yet Mr. Allen was not satisfied. Like Zola, he wanted to become not only famous but notorious; and he saw that the only way to attain his ambition was to get into deadly conflict with Mrs. Grundy. Nothing else would pay to please him. For Mr. Grant Allen, before he discovered the value of Mrs. Grundy, thought very little of his profession on the pecuniary side. Like Mr. Andrew Lang, he was one of those sorry creatures who, having got to the top, make return thanks by kicking the ladder which enabled them to mount. If you had asked him what he thought of the trade of letters, he would have replied: "Very ill indeed; it is the worst market into which a man can take his brains." Mr. Besant makes much of the fact that a certain number of authors have incomes of over £1,000 a year. But the same number of painters, barristers, doctors, make, according to Mr. Allen, £20,000 a year. And the authors, even the tolerably successful authors, poor devils, only just "pull through somehow." They can't make fortunes; they seldom even leave their wives and children properly provided for.

Now Mr. Grant Allen saw all this very clearly. He was scientific by nature, but he saw that he would have to be novelist by trade. The only difficulty was about a "mission"; and it was a difficulty. You might have a mission which would tend to show that nothing is normal but the abominable, that nothing is human that is not bestial. But the question was,—Could you defy Mrs. Grundy in this way by expatiating on the seven deadly sins? When Mr. Allen first debated with himself about his mission he found that he could not. In these days, indeed, he was forced to the open declaration that "the English author, unless rich enough actually to defy his public, must work under painfully soul-killing conditions." For years Mr. Allen's friends had been asking him why he never put anything of himself into his novels; but he knew his public better than his friends did, and instead of giving himself he gave it *itself*, which was what it wanted. That is, he did this until one day. That one day he sat down to write a more serious romance on a "social theme" of deep interest to him. "I got absorbed in it," he said; "I was carried away by the subject; I wrote at white heat, in a glowing fervour of moral enthusiasm. I put my soul into the thing. I put my religion into it. And I wrought long and hard at it with graver and burnisher, till I believed for once I had made a work of art." Result—the publisher said, in so many words, "Burn it"; and Mr. Grant Allen, being "a very sane monomaniac," thought he would. Only he didn't. He put it back in his desk with a sigh; and then, when the "Yellow Books" and the "Yellow Asters," and Mr. Davidson's street-walking

nun had hardened the public mind, he brought it forth again and found a publisher for "The Woman who Did."

There is something very novel in these words of Mr. Allen which we have just quoted. A soul, and a religion, and a fervour of moral enthusiasm—who would have dreamt of such a combination as existing in the breast of the author of "The Woman who Did"! Is Saul also among the prophets? Some of us have assuredly been guilty of an injustice. We had conceived Mr. Grant Allen as a nimble-witted little man, externalizing himself easily, a lucid exponent and illustrator of certain ideas made to his hand, a man of ingenuity rather than imagination, a good populariser of science, but not a good story-teller or story-maker, though the factory were kept never so busy. We have fished him so long without waders that we never conceived the possibility of his having a spate. But now we know that he has a soul, and a religion, and a fervour of moral enthusiasm; and if we find some difficulty in realizing it all let us swallow our doubts, and read the new Gospel into "The Woman who Did."

It is Mr. Allen's mission to "deal frankly and reverently, but quite unreservedly, with the deepest mysteries of our physical, spiritual and social nature." He has often been accused of not taking his books seriously enough. But "The Woman who Did" he takes with the seriousness of a gospel; and it is somewhat alarming to learn from himself that he means to follow it up by many other books written in the same spirit. The root idea of that spirit appears to be this—that in sexual relations love is the sacrament. The heroine of this epoch-making book, "The Woman who Did," is Herminia Barton, whose acquaintance we make when she is twenty-two. Alan Merrick, the hero, is an every-day Englishman with rather advanced views. He was thirty and unmarried, which proves to Mr. Grant Allen what a thoroughly depraved man he was. For hear what he says: "The purest and best of men necessarily mate themselves before they are twenty. As a rule it is the selfish, the mean, the calculating who wait, as they say, till they can afford to marry. That vile phrase scarcely veils hidden depths of depravity." This is simply blockheadism. That a young man who hesitates to drag a woman into poverty before he has saved something to marry on is mean, and selfish, and depraved; could only be asserted by a writer whose taste and conscience are alike corrupt. A man would be a fool who should feel and act as Mr. Grant Allen says he should feel and act. "A woman crosses his path who is to him indispensable, a part of himself, the needful complement of his own personality; and without heed or hesitation, he takes her to himself, lawfully or unlawfully, because he has need of her. That is how nature has made us; that is how every man worthy of the name of man has felt, and thought, and acted." The only answer that one can make to such soul-destroying nonsense is to tell Mr. Allen to speak for himself.

Herminia loved Alan because she was "free"—and "easy" one might add—and he liked her for her unconventionality. She had no fear of Mrs. Grundy; and the old ladies of Holmwood who gossiped about her meetings on the common with Alan Merrick she regarded as quite unworthy of an emancipated soul's consideration. And so the pair met and talked,

and their talk was "frank" and "free," and it ended presently in Alan's asking "How soon shall we be married?"

At the sound of those unexpected words from such lips as his, a flush of shame and horror overspread Herminia's cheek. "Never!" she cried firmly, drawing away. "O, Alan, what can you mean by it? Don't tell me, after all I've tried to make you feel and understand, you thought I could possibly consent to marry you."

The man gazed at her in surprise. Though he was prepared for much, he was scarcely prepared for such devotion to principle. "O, Herminia," he cried, "you can't mean it. You can't have thought of what it entails. Surely, surely you won't carry your ideas of freedom to such an extreme, such a dangerous conclusion?"

But she did mean it—every word of it. And then she read him a lecture on free love. "What alternative do you propose, then?" he asked in his amazement.

"Propose?" Herminia repeated, taken aback in her turn. It all seemed to her so plain, and transparent, and natural. "Why, simply that we should be friends like any other, very dear friends, with the only kind of friendship that nature makes possible between men and women!"

She made this startling proposition "softly" and with "womanly candour," but yet her suggestion frightened him, as well it might. Then taking his hand in hers she told him that her conscience would not let her marry.

"I know," she said, "what marriage is, from what vile slavery it has sprung; on what unseen horrors for my sister women it is reared and buttressed; by what unholy sacrifice it is sustained and made possible. I know it has a history. I know its past, I know its present, and I can't embrace it. I can't be untrue to my most sacred beliefs. I can't pander to the malignant thing, just because a man who loves me would be pleased by my giving way, and would kiss me and fondle me for it. And I love you to fondle me. But I must keep my proper place, the freedom which I have gained for myself by such arduous efforts. I have said to you already, 'so far as my will goes, I am yours; take me and do as you choose with me.' That much I can yield, as every good woman should yield it, to the man she loves, to the man who loves her. But more than that, no. It would be treason to my sex; not my life, not my future, not my individuality, not my freedom."

The poor man, who hadn't it in him to take his girl at her word at first, suggested a civil marriage. But she would none of it. A marriage of any kind was "an assertion of man's supremacy over woman." It ties her to him for life, it ignores her individuality, it compels her to promise what nobody can be sure of performing, for you cannot contract to feel or not to feel. And so Herminia declines to consider it.

If I love a man at all I must love him on terms of perfect freedom. I can't bind myself down to live with him to my shame one day longer than I love him; or to love him at all if I find him unworthy of my purest love or unable to retain it; or if I discover some other more fit to be loved by me."

Alan urged, but Herminia was firm.

"Dear Alan," she said gently, "don't I tell you I have thought long since of everything? I am prepared to face it. It is only a question of with whom I shall do so. Shall it be with the man I have instinctively loved from the first moment I saw him better than all others on earth, or shall it be with some lesser? If my heart is willing why should yours demur to it?"

And so the man took this woman on her own terms. Rather embarrassing terms they were. Herminia insisted on being called Miss Barton, and on living her girl-bachelor life. She lived



alone in a little cottage, and Alan came there to see her. Sometimes his visits were long and sometimes they were short. One other question Alan ventured gently to raise—the question of children. According to our author, fools always put that question and think it a crushing one.

Alan was no fool, yet it puzzled him strangely. He did not see for himself how easy is the solution; how absolutely Herminia's plan leaves the position unaltered. But Herminia herself was as modestly frank on the subject as on every other. It was a moral and social point of the deepest importance, and it would be wrong of them to rush into it without due consideration. She had duly considered it. She would give her children, should any come, the unique and glorious birthright of being the only human beings ever born into this world as the deliberate result of a free union contracted on philosophical and ethical principles. Alan hinted certain doubts as to their upbringing and education. There, too, Herminia was perfectly frank. They would be half hers, half his; the pleasant burden of their support, the joy of their education, would naturally fall upon both parents equally.

Are we, then, no better than the brutes which perish? And this is the book which Mr. Allen dedicates to his "dear wife"—the book which he wrote "wholly and solely to satisfy my own taste and my own conscience!" Shakespeare has said that conscience makes cowards of us all. The author of "The Woman who Did" is an evident exception.

## Mr. Henry Bird.

"NEVER remember learning music." How one envies that! Unconscious education, unconscious drudgery are rare things.

We were standing in Mr. Bird's sitting-room, and he had unearthed a pile of old records, letters, and chant books, recalling, step by step, the career which finds him to-day one of the best known organists in London, and an honoured member of the charmed circle which Mr. Arthur Chappell gathers round him in the cause of music at St. James's Hall.

Mr. Henry Richard Bird was the son of Mr. G. Bird (for sixty years organist of St. John's, Walthamstow), and it was on his father's organ that he played his first voluntary at the age of seven, the fact with the date being duly chronicled by the proud mother on the score itself. Only a few months later, in 1850, the clever boy musician took the whole of the Sunday evening service, and, as memento, keeps a book of voluntaries given him "as a reward for H. R.'s diligence." It seems scarcely credible that only a year later he should have been appointed organist of St. John's Church, Walthamstow, but so it was, and it appears that the responsibility sat lightly on his tender years, while all spare energies were devoted to continuous music study, under the sympathy and guardianship of his musical rector, Dr. Barkworth, of whom Mr. Bird speaks in terms of deepest appreciation. Here, too, began an acquaintance which ripened into a life-long friendship, for among Dr. Barkworth's parishioners was Mr. Alfred Borwick, an excellent cellist and earnest amateur, whose son, the well-known pianist of the present day, was one of Mr. Bird's first pupils.

"One of my earliest recollections," he said, "was the time of my life from my tenth to my sixteenth year, when Mr. Borwick (the father—it was before his son's birth) and I played duets for cello and piano regularly on Wednesday evenings. Then there were rare occasions

when Piatti himself, under whom my friend had studied, came down to stay at Walthamstow. Again Mr. Ries would be of the circle, when, under that hospitable roof, we used to have trios, I playing piano."

This pleasant time came, however, to an end when, at the age of sixteen, Mr. Bird went up to London to study under Turlé, at Westminster. His master's first advice, "Give your energy to the piano," was distasteful, but he has lived to prove over and over again the wisdom of that counsel, and to thank the Beethoven recitals of Charles Hallé, which he regularly attended as a part of his curriculum, while he lost none of his former skill as organist, acting oftentimes as Mr. Turlé's substitute at the week-day services.

"He was more like friend than master, a dear, kind friend, who showed loving interest in all I did," is only a part of the pupil's repeated expression of esteem for the great organist. A testimonial in Turlé's handwriting, dated 1856, fluttered down from the table. Another letter, written to a relation in all the buoyancy of youth, and the consciousness of having emerged from the student chrysalis, chronicles his first important organistship, that of St. Mark's, Myddelton Square, followed by a post of increasing responsibility at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, which gradually led to his present position as organist of the beautiful parish church of Kensington, St. Mary Abbot's. Meanwhile, though living a life literally plunged up to the hilt in activity, Mr. Bird was cultivating other branches of his profession, a large choral and orchestral society in Chelsea, which evolved gradually from an utterly untrained choir of voices, dividing his attention with his daily increasing teaching *clérenté* and his work as accompanist for the Civil Service Musical Society. I could not resist asking what combination of circumstances had led to his resumption of this latter line of art. "I really feel that I owe it to Mr. Plunket Greene," was the answer. "Some years ago he came back from America full of enthusiasm for Korbay's settings of Magyar folk ditties; he brought them to me to be transposed, and thenceforward I always accompanied him in these. You will remember how the songs seemed just to hit public taste at the time. One evening at a club gathering Mr. Alfred Borwick introduced me to Mr. Arthur Chappell with the words, 'This is the man you ought to have for accompanist at your concerts.' Yet I never contemplated the idea; even when Mr. Chappell asked me to call upon him—see here is the very note, a brief invitation—I had not the slightest idea as to what it entailed. Yes, it has opened up much to me that is delightful. My intimacy with Mr. and Mrs. Henschel is a very great pleasure, with Mr. Bispham, Mr. Eugene Oudin—ah! I had predicted a great future for him."

A moment's silence; for the loss of so sweet and true a singer is not to be hidden. Then we chatted again of musical friendships, among others of the long intercourse with Madame Benecke, Mendelssohn's daughter, in whose English home Mr. Bird first met the great Joachim himself.

One point of our talk yet hung in the balance. It was with a tone almost tragic that I sought to dispel the old-fashioned amateur notions on a gift for accompaniment. Do people, amateurs, really hold that such a "gift" is of the gods, born, not made or acquired, and as in the case of the good lady in the "New Republic," a special possession, an "own, own gift, the gift of sympathy," and nothing else? How much had study to say to it? Have we retrogressed or gone forward in this respect?

"Do you think," I urged, "that the abolition of the use of figured bass has spoilt us? It has placed the ballad, the glee, and the simpler forms of music within reach of the uncultured majority, but have we lost in thoroughness?"

"Curiously enough, that is the very question I was about to touch upon," said Mr. Bird. "Just as you arrived I was hunting out some of these old figured scores. Turlé insisted on my learning to read from these fluently, and I believe, for accompaniment especially, there is no training like it for quickness of eye and hand. Many people come to me for hints on accompaniment who cannot read at sight in the least. That is a serious defect for an accompanist. The art is made up of many things: in the first place solid training, till absolute accuracy and leisure from technical difficulties are achieved; this allows one to throw oneself entirely into the spirit of the composition, and with it one learns to merge one's individuality, as far as need be in that of the soloist. Moreover, every artist has a different view as to the relation in which the accompaniment stands to his performance. One 'cellist, for instance, hates the pedal, rigidly insisting on the value of each single tone. Another, a violinist, requires more background, and I use both pedals freely, this way," illustrating various effects on a fine piano. "One great singer pleads for a more emotional atmosphere, so; while another takes an exactly contrary line. Then soloists have their moods, to which one must respond at the slightest touch. One must further be always on the alert, prepared to give assistance in case of any accident, and so on."

"Three things are necessary for a good performer," said Mozart in olden times, pointing to his head, his heart, and his finger-tips, symbolizing understanding, sympathy, and technical skill. You who desire these, and despair of attainment, go learn of such a master as is described above; and, if the skill be hard to wrest, yet glean patience, faithful service of art, reverence, which but contain the sum of that "understanding," the chiefest good of life and experience, twin tutors, whose ways are far less gentle, though in intention none the less kindly.

A. M. RAWSON.

## Music in Japan.

THE Japanese having shown their aptitude to absorb the ideas of European civilization in carrying on the war with China, have planned at Tokio a conservatory of music. It seems that the Japanese children have a liking for the piano and stringed instruments, but that the rules for musical composition are beyond their understanding. A musical circle was recently formed at Tokio which has for its object to listen to lectures on the lives and works of the classical composers, and at which excerpts from these works are performed. Children have also a "Schumann Society," which makes them acquainted with works suitable to their age.

## A Novel Guitar.

A GUITAR made by E. T. Murden, of South Kokomo, Ind., who has been employed on it at odd times since last June, has been completed. It is handsomely decorated with inlaid woods, there being eighteen different woods used in the 11,000 pieces which comprise the ornamental work. So skillfully are these placed that the "belly" of the instrument has the appearance of artistic painted work. The body proper is composed of wood that has been seasoned forty-five years. In tone the instrument is said to be faultless, and delicate effects, obtainable on only the highest grade guitars, are possible with it.

## Art and Artists.

### THE SCOTTISH YEAR AT DOWDESWELLS.

**S**COTLAND in Grafton Street, speaking by the last and early present century, is now closely companioned by latter-day Scotland as represented at Dowdeswells' in Bond Street. In the latter place Mr. Adams revels in colours whose keynotes are mostly flame or sapphire, these joined in gorgeous fellowship by all neutral tones between black-brown and faint pearl. All the pictures are well worth seeing and possessing. The revolving year is sympathetically pictured, as it shows in the far North, with examples of all degrees of barrenness or luxuriance, from the scrub, boasting only the modest ragwort, to the highland dell, radiant with May blossom and daisies and gorse. When the brightness of summer flower or autumn leaf avails not, then Mr. Adams translates on his canvas the crimson and scarlet of the day's end or beginning. Here and there delight in colour verges dangerously near the violent and the crude; but a true instinct, especially evident in the smaller canvases, keeps the painter on the rich side of brilliancy.

At Messrs. Lawrie & Co.'s less than a score of pictures represent schools with one exception earlier than our century. They include a characteristic Lawrence, a curious Nathaniel Hone, a Gainsborough landscape, done while yet he used the radiating convention of the Dutchmen to render foliage with, and a portrait by him, Miss Le Nain, dusked and warmed, and cherished into a softer beauty by time. It is a far cry from these to the artistic amalgam known as

#### "SUFFOLK STREET."

Many histories lie in that name. The days have long passed when those walls were crowded from floor to roof with pictures of the domestic size and kind, which had an alertness in changing hands that the new picture may envy but hardly emulate. Commissions on the sales kept the Society of British Artists prosperous then. That was when the "pinare picture" got the name that still sticks to it. Though the nickname has frightened off the buyers, yet I maintain it was on the whole a better kind of art to have one's face to than the anti-pinare school gives us. It had examples of sweet, sincere, unaffected sentiment, painted skilfully sometimes, and never characterised by the grotesquerie that seems to have got the new nudity laughed out of existence at last. Mr. Wm. Hemsley, a veteran of the Society, has a charming picture, full of force and delicacy, which is refreshing to eyes wearied with emerald green and orange vermillion effects, or tired of investigating gulfs of grey and brown gloom. Two country children, a boy and girl, are interested in a very grave and considerate jackdaw, who listens as the boy invites him, with "Come, Jack!" to step forward. "Carting Timber," by Mr. James Peel, is the work of another accomplished painter, whose transcripts of nature have retained their power to please amid all the wild and whimsical fashions through which English art is beating out its destiny and purposes. As a convention the method of these old painters is as powerful, and a hundred times more varied, in its application than some that startle and weary the public anew almost every year. A small thing by Mr. Haité, "Boats on the Maas," is none the less interesting because it is small. "The Passing Storm" and a study

in Arran by Mr. Spenlove-Spenlove are both delightfully felt. "Amberley Bridge," by Mr. Zimmerman, has the charm of a modern man expressing himself in Dutch, because he understands both the chosen mode and the subject to be expressed by it. Martin Bruce's "Grey Morayland" is clear and pearly and grave, as nature is sometimes. "The Cliff Path," by John M. Bromley, to its other good qualities adds the charm of human association; unlike most present-day landscapes, it has a figure blending with and completing its beauty. Reginald Jones in "Woodland" gives us a revival of old-fashioned water-colour. Miss Hagarty's "Brow of the Hill" well expresses the old-world remoteness of a village street that rises against the distant atmosphere in chastened brightness. And Miss Rudd's "Study in Brown and Grey," with Miss Hagarty's picture, should be bought by some ladies' club to show how women can rank themselves in art with men at their best. Altogether this show has more vital power apparent on its walls than is seen in larger and more swaggering establishments of its class. The terrible Whistler régime may have injured the finances of the body, but it left a fine freedom of judgment in its disposition, highly favourable to a continuation of life and ultimate prosperity. Of all the artistic societies it alone seems leading the way in a revolt against mannerism. If any form of true art can be said to be antagonistic to another equally true, such antagonistic elements are here. If the dealers, who used to be the mainstay of the "British artists," were wise in their day, they would take a hint in shop tactics from them now, and have representatives of different schools of artistic culture wherewith to tempt or educate their customers, and thus keep pace with the times.

#### THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

With this exhibition it decidedly is not now as it has been of yore. Once upon a time it was as good (bar the lack of oxygen) to walk round this gallery as it might have been to stroll by lonely beaches, grey broads, quiet rivers, or cloud-swept uplands. All that was attempted was carried through till instinct or experience dictated the laying down of the pencil. The incompleteness then evident in most of the members' work was still the greatest completeness achievable under the conditions peculiar to each effect. Have the thorough-going artists left the body, or has the intensity of purpose quailed before discouragements emanating from Philistia? Has the Old Woman on the other side of the road got her forty pairs of hands on the best of the old sort, half drawing them to her crafty old bosom? Are the remainders feeling as if something may throb under that frowsy bodice of hers in which they have a part? Let them make no such mistake. The Old Lady of Burlington House has always known how to lay her paralysing fingers on the weak spot—that is, the strongest member—of any establishment alien to her own. She is frugal. If by gathering in one outsider to her domestic fold she can weaken his still external brothers by so setting up hope or fear in their hearts as to weaken their purposes and undermine their will, that one only will she take to herself—the others shall be left. The remnant of the new English are merely dabbling dexterously but playfully with paint and such powers as they possess—all but one or two. Their finished works this year are only the equivalents of those accidents of serious

study that once set them to the development of well-thought-out works of art. It is to be hoped they will gird up their loins for the furthering of their finely opened crusade, with something more than happy accidents perfunctorily carried on towards, but not to, maturity of finish.

## Dramatic Notes.

Hänsel and Gretel.

THE wanderings in the metropolis of *Hänsel and Gretel* have probably ceased now that the lively children have arrived at a house boasting such musical associations as the Savoy. On the Carl Rosa Company desiring to produce their English version of Humperdinck's fairy opera in London as a Christmas entertainment, difficulty arose in finding a suitable stage. One theatre was too large, another too small, another had obtained celebrity with opera of an entirely different class. At length Daly's was declared suitable, and accordingly in Leicester Square *Hänsel and Gretel* was first heard in England. But it could not remain here long, as *An Artist's Model* was nearly due. Then it was shifted to the Gaiety, where it was played five times a week, but only in the afternoon. From the Strand district a move was made to Oxford Street, but Sir A. Harris's lease of the Princess's expiring, a third change was necessary. Fortunately the Savoy was available, and here, it is to be hoped, the opera will continue for several months to delight lovers of pure melody united to singularly skilful and expressive orchestration. The Carl Rosa directors no longer conceal that they originally looked to the Savoy as the most fitting abode for the work that in less than a year became known throughout Germany; but at that time *The Chieftain* blocked the way. In the belief that the opera was certain to stay, considerable pains were taken with the allotment of the parts, and the judgment exercised is proved by the fact that no change has since occurred except through the temporary indisposition of an artist. Misses Marie Elba and Jeanne Douste, whilst giving the music with excellent effect, had no difficulty in playing the boy and girl with sufficient juvenility of manner and appearance, and it would have been difficult to find a more grotesque yet forcible representative of the witch than Miss Edith Miller. Miss Jessie Hudleston as the Dawn Fairy, Miss Marie du Bedat as the Sleep Fairy, Mr. Charles Copland as the light-hearted father, and Madame Julia Lennox as the mother oppressed with domestic cares, were also unexceptionable selections. Saving Miss Douste, who was indisposed, all these original exponents in England of their respective characters, together with Signor Arditi (the conductor from the outset), assisted in the house-warming at the Savoy. The entire performance passed off as smoothly as could be wished. Miss Hudleston was a competent substitute for Miss Douste, and Miss du Bedat sang the pretty air of the Dewman, as well as that of the Sandman. The transfer of the opera is marked by a new and striking effect devised by Sir A. Harris, whose interest in the welfare of *Hänsel and Gretel* is not slight. After the witch's oven has burst asunder, the ginger-bread children are seen wearing dun-coloured cloaks, which they throw aside when restored to consciousness by Hänsel touching them with the magic branch. This innovation in the business of the scene is a decided improvement. Through the perfection of the electric light arrangements, the charming scene of the descent of the angels is admirably carried through.



The opera has now been performed over a hundred times in London, although it should be stated that the English popularity of *Hänsel and Gretel* has not been restricted to this portion of the country. It has been played by the Carl Rosa Company with gratifying results in Liverpool, in Nottingham, in Manchester, and in Glasgow.

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Needless to remark that *Charley's Aunt* is going as strong as ever, and that that popular old lady's

stay at the Globe bids fair to equal in length that of the proverbial mother-in-law. Seymour Hicks is back again at the Gaiety, where the title rôle in *The Shop Girl* is now taken by his wife (Miss Ellaline Terris), to the great advantage of that breezy burlesque. *The Artist's Model*, when I dropped in a few evenings ago, seemed to be doing as good business as ever at Daly's. I wonder why, though, they can't let poor Hayden Coffin and Miss Tempest sing their moonlight duet in the moonlight. They are allowed to converse sweetly in the silvery beams, but no sooner do they begin to breathe their passion in song, than, hey, presto, up goes the limelight, and dogs them round the stage with a blaze as of the sun at his meridian. Talking of soft Luna, won't some one write a burlesque or opera in which she doesn't appear like King Charles' head? The lunar craze, I think, started with *Iolanthe*, when a young lady told us how very wide awake she and the moon were, and so "it grew and grew," till now it seems a recognised canon of burlesque and opera writing, either to have at least one lunar musical number of a sentimental nature, or one tableau where bogie men disport themselves under the influence of the silvery orb. By the time this appears in print *The Passport* will have been produced at Terry's. It is unfortunate (for first-nighters) that the same date (Thursday, April 25) has been chosen as the opening night both by this theatre and the Trafalgar, which latter place opens with an opera bouffe announced finally as *Baron Golosh* (after many changes in title).

The Adelphi has just produced *The Girl I left behind Me*. No comment is necessary beyond the statement that it maintains the Adelphi traditions. *The Importance of Being Earnest* is doing good business at the St. James, with the author's name erased from the bills. Mr. Alexander has made that concession to the Nonconformist conscience, but a good many people think the more logical course would have been either to retain the name or withdraw the play. I am glad to see that since Messrs. Waller and Morell have decided to keep on the *Ideal Husband*, they've had sufficient courage and common sense to re-insert the author's name on the bills since their removal from the Haymarket to the Criterion. At the former theatre Mr. Tree opens on April 27 with *John-a-dreams*.

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Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Candida* saw the light at South Shields last month, for copyright purposes. The new Vaudeville piece opens at the time of sending this to press. I will notice it next month. *Delia Harding*, an adaptation from Sardou, has been produced at the Comedy with only moderate success. It ought to be popular with lawyers, as the plot is worked out more by documentary evidence than by dramatic situations. No less than eight of these precious letters are "put in," and turn up at odd moments in bewildering confusion. I attended the first night of *Fanny* on Easter Monday. I have never seen Shine in such excellent form before. The following account of this play—one of the most genuinely funny things we've had lately—

appeared in the *Sportsman*, and so coincides with my own impressions that I make no apology for inserting it here:—

"Fanny." (An Original Farce, in three acts, by GEORGE R. SIMS and CECIL RALEIGH.)

Captain Gerald O'Brien ...	Mr. J. L. Shine.
Professor Barnabas Bixley ...	Mr. William H. Day.
Kellaway ...	Mr. Owen Harris.
Saunders ...	Mr. T. P. Hayes.
Harold Gregory ...	Mr. O. Shillingford.
Bob Tapping ...	Mr. Geo. Blackmore.
George ...	Mr. J. Mahoney.
Joseph Barnes ...	Mr. Robb Harwood.
Flo Barnes ...	Miss Lydia Cowell.
Grace Dormer ...	Miss May Whitty.
Paquita O'Brien ...	Miss Alma Stanley.

That "Fanny" will have a cordially-worded invitation to make a long stay now that she has come to Thame-side need not be doubted for a single instant, for the success of the new farce was not for a moment in doubt, the audience at the Strand last night thoroughly endorsing the favourable verdict given by Messrs. Geo. R. Sims and Cecil Raleigh's new piece when first produced a week ago at Liverpool. The play is light and amusing, and the fun unmistakable, and Mr. John L. Shine is thoroughly in his element in the rôle of a general captain of Hibernian name and character, to wit, Capt. Gerald O'Brien, who has married a wife from Brazil. Miss Alma Stanley makes a genuine success of the latter part, that of Paquita O'Brien, convulsing the house with her cleverly affected ignorance of the English language—ignorance which leads her into easily-imagined pitfalls of construction and grammar, by which very different meanings from those intended are given. Paquita is a capital creation, the character being that of the impetuous Southern beauty, quick-tempered, jealous, and always winning admiration. It goes almost without the saying that the two clever and popular writers who have collaborated in the new farce, have succeeded in putting some very smart lines into the mouths of the players, and, in fact, the dialogue preserves throughout a good level of piquant, rippling excellence, which it is a decided pleasure to listen to after such a long series of pieces in which demonstrative clowning is relied upon to keep the ball rolling, more than bright, up-to-date, unlaboured writing. The piece is, in short, essentially new—new in idea, new in language, new in treatment. Possibly in the first act there is a slight tendency to drag, but that tendency is only hinted at, the explanations which occur there being absolutely necessary to the satisfactory unwinding of the story of how an old Oxford professor is made a bigamist, despite himself. The cast is a generally admirable one. The farce was preceded by a clever duologue on the new woman, written by Osmond Shillingford and interpreted by the author and Miss May Whitty.

A good many statements have appeared lately concerning the future movements of Mr. Willard. Some declare that he has taken the Garrick, and even announce the play with which he will open there. Others assert that he will go ere long on a four months' tour. As a matter of fact, he is only going on a short tour, embracing Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dundee, and Manchester. Moreover, nothing is settled as to Mr. Willard having taken the Garrick, nor has he decided as to the play with which he will start there, if he has it.

THE PITITE.

## Musical Life in Berlin.

April 16, 1895.

THE winter season is practically at an end in Berlin, as far as the important orchestral concerts are concerned, the last Philharmonic (i.e. the ten "Bulow" concerts), the last royal symphony, and most of the concerts of the principal societies have taken place. We have yet the opera (every night till the middle of July) and many concerts of the lesser type.

Felix Weingartner gave us a never-to-be-forgotten interpretation of the 9th Symphony at the Royal Opera Symphony concert on the 14th. I have heard this noblest work of Beethoven half a dozen times in Berlin, but never has it been played with such wonderful effect. The choral parts in the last movement were excellently sung by the Royal Chorus. The remainder of the programme consisted of the overture to "Alceste," by Gluck, and Schubert's Unfinished Symphony.

Weingartner says farewell to the Berlin Royal Opera this year, and will locate (so the papers say) in Bremen, but he is to conduct the Philharmonic concerts in Berlin in place of Richard Strauss, which appointment meets with, as you may imagine, the most popular approval.

The Wagner Verein at its last concert gave Handel's *Messiah* (a rather curious choice by the way for a "Wagner" society). It was repeated a few evenings later as the house was completely sold out before the date of the concert, and the repetition was a sort of "consolation" performance to those who were shut out of the first performance. Joseph Lucher, of the Royal Opera, and husband of the famous singer, Frau Lucher, conducted, and the soloists were also from the opera, chief among whom was Frau Herzog, who sang the soprano rôle with much effect. The Philharmonic orchestra (enlarged), and several singing societies banded together for the occasion, forming a large chorus, acquitted themselves admirably. The "Hallelujah Chorus," however, seemed to me to have been shouted rather than sung in some places, but on the whole it is the best oratorio performance I have heard in Germany.

The dry-as-dust performances in the Sing Academy are generally *langweilig* in the extreme, especially as in the case of the last one there, when the work is a composition of the conductor, Dr. Martin Blunmer, whose productions belong to the contrapuntal and fugal school minus "musicality" and which nobody else will perform.

Teresa Carreno has been playing lately here. She gave a concert in the Sing Academy, and later a popular evening in the Philharmonic Hall. I have mislaid the programmes, but she gave the usual dish up of Beethoven, Chopin, and Liszt in a rather masculine manner. I think she has got into some of D'Albert's pounding tricks.

I like Clothilde Kleeborg's playing better than Carreno's. This young artiste visits Berlin regularly every year, and is very popular. She gives delightful renderings of Schumann and Chopin. At a concert in the Philharmonic lately she played the G major concerto of Beethoven and the F minor of Chopin, besides a group of little things.

As is the custom, Bach's Passion music was given on Good Friday in the Sing Academy to a large audience, and with much solemnity.

G. H. F.

## A Chat about Two Popular Entertainers.

THE great difference between George Grossmith and Corney Grain," said an eminent critic one day to me when we had been discussing these popular entertainers, "is that one is an actor and the other is a mimic."

"Does that imply," I asked, "that the genial Corney is not an actor?"

"I would not say that absolutely any more than I would venture to deny altogether that Grossmith is a mimic," was the reply; "but if I were asked to describe the two men I should do so in the terms I have made use of."

Although my friend's judgment in such matters was far more reliable than my own, I did not in this case feel entirely in agreement with him.

My recollection of Mr. Grossmith, the Savoy favourite, reaches back many years to the time when he was "George, Junior," appearing in company with his father, one of the most charming men of his day, in an entertainment of what was then known as the "drawing-room" order.

And what a lively little entertainment it was, and yet so unpretentious in its way! How the old gentleman chatted away in his own brilliant fashion to the delight of the audience who sat all the while wondering when the programme was really to commence; till Georgius Secundus appeared, with his thin, whimsical face, to pile up the fun in one of his droll little monologues.

I can see him now, converted by a turn of the collar and a touch of the hair into an ancient country magnate, delivering an after-dinner speech; or as a sprightly maiden preparing a hasty toilet before an imaginary glass.

No one, I think, who saw George Grossmith even in those days, would be inclined to dispute his claim to the title of mimic.

And then years later, when after twelve years' spell of Gilbertian opera, he returned to his first love and reappeared in his old character, who could fail to appreciate and acknowledge his marvellous powers of simulation, so conspicuous in "The Minuet" and other similar imitations?

That Corney Grain was an actor, in the true acceptance of the term, would be, I admit, less easy to show. I saw him on the familiar stage of St. George's Hall just before he was attacked by the sad illness which carried him off within a few days of the death of his old friend and colleague, Alfred German Reed. He was appearing as a burlesque player, and I was not the only individual present who remarked that the part was entirely unsuited to his genius and dignified proportions.

The same could be said with more or less exactitude of other characters, or "illustrations" of his—of all, in fact, that I recollect. There was that about Corney Grain's personality which refused to yield to disguise.

"Corney Grain is always himself," I heard a lady say once, "and Grossmith is always somebody else." She was not a "critic," or she would have expressed herself in a more roundabout fashion; but she had put the case very clearly, and, as I thought, very correctly. Whether she intended to be complementary or otherwise of course I never knew; one thing is certain, she, consciously or unconsciously, gave the diverting Corney credit for no mean achievement. To be always yourself implies the possession of an individuality of some sort, and the power, which so many lack,

of stamping it upon the age. But in the making of a "stage-player" this power is a dangerous, often a disastrous one; and inasmuch as it was next to impossible for Corney Grain to be himself and somebody else at the same time, he would have been wise to confine himself to the former role in which every one rejoiced to see him and to listen to his confidential gossip as he sat at the piano, nursing his leg comfortably.

It was as a musical artist, and I use the word in no diluted sense, that Corney Grain stood in the front rank among his fellows. It mattered not that his work fitted into none of the usual classifications of musical art; it was the effusion of an artistic spirit. Who would deny that George Du Maurier is an artist because he employs his art in a way which seems good to him? And Corney Grain was to the lyric stage what Du Maurier is to pictorial art—a keen but genial satirist, with a ready eye for the whims and affectations of society.

I remember the tone of enthusiasm in which a friend of mine, who ultimately became connected with the German Reed company, spoke of Corney Grain after his first meeting with him. My friend was himself an artist, trained in one of our great music schools, and therefore thoroughly capable of expressing an opinion upon the subject.

"I was more than astonished," he said, "to find the man whom the public are disposed to consider a mere jester, an educated musician, with a fine perception of the beautiful and the intellectual in art."

An educated musician! It is a high-sounding title—one which must be used with discretion in a musical magazine, but my friend was right in applying it to the genial entertainer of Langham Place. There was nothing crude about anything Corney Grain did. His compositions, full of wit and fancy, not quite fantastic, not quite comic, were the compositions of a true artist—the fun never bitter enough to be churlish, never broad enough to be farcical; the pathos only half-expressed, half-believed-in. When he was ridiculing the vagaries of fashion and its followers, his style was that of one who did so from within the charmed circle, with a half-conscious pride in the things he professed to consider laughable.

I could mention many of his dainty little songs which are veritable gems in their way—witness "The Old Couple's Polka," a graceful version of the old Darby and Joan story, told with the right touch of chastened sentiment and refined humour. Some of the scraps, too fragmentary for publication, occurring in his monologue sketches were equally workmanlike. I recollect a chorus, *a la* Handel, which he introduced some years ago into his "Election Notes," which was genuinely clever, and proved that he had really grasped the style of the old master sufficiently to be able to counterfeit it.

Corney Grain's pianoforte playing too, and in this he resembled Grossmith, was of a high order, and he was intimately acquainted with the works of the great writers. Had he chosen what is considered to be a higher walk in the art, he would have left behind him the reputation of a successful musician, if not a musical genius. Whatever the difference between the two men of whom I have been writing—and there was a marked difference—it was not accurately indicated by my friend the critic, with whose estimate I commenced this paper. George Grossmith is an actor—and something more than an actor. Corney Grain was a mimic—and a great deal more than a mimic.

We could ill spare the big, burly man, whose mission seemed to be to demonstrate the truth of the old saying, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine"; who, in the words of the

Archdeacon of London, "for twenty years and more continued to provide, in the face of so many tendencies to the contrary, healthful and wholesome recreation."

The news of Corney Grain's death came home with a deep touch of tragedy to thousands who had been charmed by his refined humour; who appreciated his kindly satire and delighted in the lessons he taught.

To-day, when so much that is meretricious and vulgar obtains, there is a place—a foremost place—for art such as his. That place is now empty. Who will fill it? W. B.

## Accidentals.

LONDON is to have a visit from Edward Strauss and his celebrated Vienna band during the coming season. The whole repertoire of the compositions of the "Waltz King" and his father and brothers will be played.—Sir John Stainer says young people nowadays are inclined to appreciate music, not for its own sake, but as an easy step to notoriety and profit.—At a recent sale of musical copyrights the following prices were obtained: Virginia Gabriel's "Cleansing Fires," £30; Hullah's "The Storm," £80; Roeckel's "Gitana," £250 16s.—Professor Prout has begun well at Dublin. He says he will not pluck a candidate who shows musical talent because he commits a few consecutive fifths.—Two Atlantic liners now being built at Philadelphia are to have pipe organs on board.—Dr. Purcell Taylor, of 2, Powis Place, Queen's Square, London, claims to be a lineal descendant of Purcell.—It is announced that M. Leopold Auer, the distinguished violinist, will visit London during the season. He is a pupil of Joachim, and conducts the Imperial band in St. Petersburg.—The Mendelssohn scholarship of the R.A.M. has been awarded to Christopher Wilson.—It is announced that Siegfried Wagner has been appointed successor to Nikisch at the Royal Opera, Buda-Pesth.—Dr. Joseph Parry has just finished a new grand opera, *Sylvia*, which is to be produced at Cardiff on August 12. The date suggests that some one will make "game" of *Sylvia*.—A new oratorio by Max Bruch, entitled *Moses*, has recently been produced at Bremen. Surely it is time to leave Moses alone.—The Milan critics say that the music of Mascagni's new opera, *Silvano*, is written on popular lines and is full of melody, although the orchestration is more or less conventional. The story is said to resemble that of *Cavalleria Rusticana*, both as to characters and situations.—"Frau Olfers, the well-known Berlin composer, has just celebrated her hundredth birthday, of which *The Minstrel* wishes her many happy returns." Nay, nay, dear *Minstrel*; we have left the days of Methuselah far behind. A return of a hundredth birthday is too much.—It is to Dr. Richter we are to be indebted for the first appearance of the redoubtable Moritz Rosenthal, who is as potent in attacking adverse critics as he is remarkable on the pianoforte keyboard.—Concerts are now being given all over Germany on behalf of the fund for erecting a memorial to Liszt at Weimar. Naturally, D'Albert and Paderewski are to the fore in the cause.—Wilhelm, the violin virtuoso, has married the pianist Fräulein Mausch.—Messrs. Cocks are to publish an English translation of Gounod's commentary on *Don Giovanni*.—Sir Augustus Harris has secured the exclusive right to perform Humperdinck's *Hänsel and Gretel* in America in any language, and can give it in England in German.—The annual meeting of the Shakspeare-gesellschaft was held on the 23rd ult. at Weimar. The distinguished Kantian scholar and critic, Prof. Kuno Fischer, delivered the Festvortrag on "Shakspeare and Bacon."—The Good Friday concerts of sacred music, given on the highest artistic scale practicable on this day of the year, were more numerous than ever, as reference to our calendar will show, and they seem to have been attended by large and appreciative audiences.



## \* The Organ World. \*

St. Alban's, Holborn, has recently been the scene of a sweet little comedy. First we heard that a new organ was wanted, then it was announced that the Hope-Jones company had obtained the contract, and finally a specification of the proposed instrument appeared in most of the musical papers. Here ended Act I. When the curtain rose again, an indignant churchwarden was discovered expressing his "surprise" in the columns of the *Church Times* at the fact of "a Mr. Hope-Jones" having stated that he was to build the new organ, and further assuring his readers that the St. Alban's authorities had not entered, nor indeed ever had any intention of entering, into a contract with the Hope-Jones Organ Company. The announcement was finally made that the new instrument was to be built by Mr. Willis. Further appeal for funds; specification published; every one made happy; curtain! To those who know the facts, however, it is plain that there is a want of ingenuousness somewhere. It is all very well for the churchwarden to express "surprise" at the Hope-Jones announcement, and thereby to suggest that a hoax had been perpetrated by some outsider; but before anything on the subject appeared in the papers, I myself was informed by an official at St. Alban's that they "were going to have a Hope-Jones electric organ." In the course of a conversation I happened to have with Mr. Hope-Jones about that time he told me the same thing. And, lastly, it does not appear to be generally known, that some little time back a circular was issued by the authorities of St. Alban's appealing for funds for a new Hope-Jones electric organ, the specification of which was printed, together with details as to how the instrument was to be divided, and what each separate part would cost, etc., etc. And yet with this fact staring him in the face, a Churchwarden of St. Alban's can express "surprise" at the electric organ story going abroad. Surely, instead of beating about the bush, it would have been simpler to have said, "We intended to have a Hope-Jones organ, but have finally decided to give the work to Mr. Willis." Now exit St. Alban's and its "kist o' whistles." It is a satisfaction to know that the instrument is not to be built by some unknown firm on the cheap, but by the prince of builders,—Willis. The specification (given below) has been drawn out by Mr. Adams, the organist of the church, and an excellent one it is.

GREAT.		Ft.		Ft.	
Double Diapason	...	16	Twelfth	...	2 1/2
Open Diapason	...	8	Fifteenth	...	2
Open Diapason	...	8	Mixture	...	—
Charbel Flute	...	8	Double Trumpet	...	16
Principal	...	4	Trumpet	...	8
Flute harmonique	...	4	Clarion	...	4
SWELL.		Ft.		Ft.	
Lieblich Bourdon	...	16	Mixture	...	—
Geigen Principal	...	8	Contra Hautboy	...	16
Lieblich Gedacht	...	8	Cornopean	...	8
Salicional	...	8	Hautboy	...	8
Vox Angelica	...	8	Clarion	...	4
Gemshorn	...	4	Vox Humana	...	8
Flageolet	...	2			
CHOIR.		Ft.		Ft.	
Viol di Gamba	...	8	Concert Flute	...	4
Dulciana	...	8	Lieblich Flöte	...	4
Lieblich Gedacht	...	8	Piccolo	...	2
Hohl Flöte	...	8	Corno di Bassetto	...	8
SOLO.		Ft.		Ft.	
Hohl Flöte	...	8	Tuba	...	8
Wald Flöte	...	4	Nos. 34, 35, 36, 37, in Swell-box.	...	—
Clarinet	...	8			
Orchestral Oboe	...	8			
PEDAL.		Ft.		Ft.	
Contra Bourdon	...	32	Octave	...	8
Violone	...	16	Violoncello	...	8
Open Diapason	...	16	Mixture	...	—
Bourdon	...	16	Ophicleide	...	16

### GUILD OF ORGANISTS.

Patron: The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London.  
President: E. J. HOPKINS, Esq., Mus. D., Cantuar.

Warden: J. T. FIELD.

The NEXT EXAMINATION for Certificate of practical Musicianship, and Fellowship of the Guild (F. Gld. O.) will be held January 17th, 1895. Registers of Vacancies and Candidates for Organ Appointments kept. Hon. Sec.: FRANK B. TOWNSEND, Org. and Choirm., Erentwood, and 46, Queen Victoria Street, London.

#### COUPLERS, ETC.

Swell to Great.  
Swell to Choir.  
Solo to Great.  
Solo to Pedals.

Swell to Pedals.  
Great to Pedals.  
Choir to Pedals.  
Tremulant.

#### ACCESSORIES.

Four Composition Pedals to Great and Pedal Organs.  
Four Composition Pedals to Swell Organ.  
Pneumatic Piston to Great to Pedal Coupler.  
Pneumatic Piston to Swell to Great Coupler.  
Pneumatic Piston to Solo to Great Coupler.

Compass of Manuals, CC to A, 58 notes.  
Compass of Pedals (Concave, radiating), CCC to F, 30 notes.  
Tubular Pneumatic Action throughout.

The following admirably balanced instrument, erected by Messrs. Norman Bros. and Beard, in All Saints', North Peckham, was opened at the end of February:—

PEDAL.			
Open Diapason	...	16 ft.	wood.
Bourdon	...	16 ft.	wood.
Principal	...	8 ft.	metal.
Trombone	...	16 ft.	metal.

GREAT.			
Double Diapason	...	16 ft.	wood.
Open Diapason No. 1	...	8 ft.	metal.
Open Diapason, No. 2	...	8 ft.	metal.
Stopped Diapason	...	8 ft.	wood.
Principal	...	4 ft.	metal.
Harmonic Flute	...	4 ft.	metal.
Mixture	...	4 ranks	metal.
Trumpet	...	8 ft.	metal.

SWELL.			
Double Diapason	...	16 ft.	wood.
Open Diapason (full scale)	...	8 ft.	metal.
Stopped Diapason	...	8 ft.	wood.
Salicional	...	8 ft.	metal.
Vox Celeste	...	8 ft.	metal.
Principal	...	4 ft.	metal.
Fifteenth	...	2 ft.	metal.
Mixture	...	4 ranks	metal.
Contra Fagotto	...	16 ft.	metal.
Horn	...	8 ft.	metal.
Oboe	...	8 ft.	metal.

SOLO AND CHOIR.			
Bell Gamba	...	8 ft.	metal.
Dulciana	...	8 ft.	metal.
Lieblich Gedacht	...	8 ft.	wood and metal.
Solo Harmonic Flute	...	8 ft.	metal.
Flauto Traverso	...	4 ft.	metal.
Piccolo	...	2 ft.	metal.
Clarinet	...	8 ft.	metal.

#### COUPLERS.

Great to Pedal.  
Choir to Pedal.  
Swell Octave.

Swell to Pedal.  
Swell to Great.  
Choir to Swell.

#### ACCESSORIES.

Tremulant to Swell.  
3 Composition Pedals to Swell.  
3 Composition Pedals to Great.  
1 on-and-off Pedal, acting on Swell to Great.  
Compass of Manuals, CC to A, 58 notes.  
Compass of Pedals, CCC to F, 30 notes.

The action is Tubular Pneumatic throughout, constructed under the builders' patent.

Blown by 4-h.p. "Melvin" gas engine.

The casework is made by the builders to the design of the architect of the Church.

The Console which is on the north side of the Chancel, under the organ, is so placed that the organist faces west, and thus has the choir in view. The longest connections from the keys to the pipes are 50 feet in length.

I have more than once commented on the unsatisfactory conditions under which Organist and Parson work; the

chronicle in each case has been one of an arbitrary and irresponsible cleric, and a long-suffering musician without means of redress for his grievances. The lack of support which these weaker brethren receive from the heads of their profession is notorious, and so the farce goes on. Now, however, that one of our leading organists is embroiled with the parsons some readjustment of their respective relations may result. The details of Mr. Riseley's dispute with the Dean and Chapter of Bristol Cathedral have not yet been made public, but that gentleman has taken the bold course of appealing to the Bishop, who has agreed to preside over an official investigation. Both parties are legally represented, which looks as though they meant business.

*Ora pro nobis!* A new and original grievance against his spiritual pastors and masters has been lately aired by an earnest-minded Scottish organist. He complains that while most men and things are prayed for by the minister, that reverend functionary invariably omits all mention of his organist. Reverence for his clerical taskmaster is not a general attribute of the organist in these days, so that it is quite refreshing to find one member of the profession with sufficient faith in his parson to believe in the efficacy of that gentleman's prayers on behalf of his sinful musical soul. A contemporary suggests, as a reason for the omission, that the clergy think organists past praying for. I believe they do.

To attempt any chronicle of Easter performances would take up too appalling an amount of space. Orchestral services have been numerous, while the number of churches who send notices of oratorio or cantata performances is simply legion. I may mention only one or two noteworthy ones. At *Newcastle Cathedral*, Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* has been performed for the first time in that city. The *Messiah* at *St. Michael's, Coventry*, on Good Friday, with a chorus of 150 (accompanied by organ and strings) was well done.

The new Catholic church of *St. Patrick, Soho Square*, is earning a reputation for musical enterprise, and several good orchestral services have been given there lately. I may perhaps mention that Palestrina's *Eterna Christi*, has been adapted to the Anglican Communion Service, and was performed at *St. Paul's Cathedral* on both Passion Sunday and Palm Sunday. Even under the unsatisfactory conditions of adaptation the general effect was very beautiful. Of the *Passion Music* at *St. Paul's* I need hardly make any comment. Though one may think that in certain respects the selection, and the manner of its performance (the fortissimo chorales for example), might be improved, yet as regards Holy Tuesday's rendering, it was artistic and impressive in the extreme. I was delighted to hear the last chorus taken at a moderate tempo, and not at the break-neck speed of former years.

The arrangements for the work of the *Exeter Diocesan Choral Association* are in a forward state, and no fewer than fourteen choirs from the Barnstaple and Sherwell Deaneries have promised to take part in the festival at Barnstaple. Other festivals are to be held in North Devon, while the choirs of the Aylesbeare and Kenn Deaneries and the East Devon Choral Union will also gather in festival, the latter at Beer in June. It is also hoped that the Tiverton Deanery Choirs will be able to arrange a festival at Tiverton, but few, if any, local festivals will be held in the Totnes Archdeanery, as the choirs will go to the Cathedral this year.—*Musical Standard*.

The death is announced of Mr. Frederick Marriott, at the age of eighty-two. Mr. Marriott had sung in the choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, for half a century. Mr. Clegg, of Rochdale—the young gentleman who gained some notoriety lately by his "barrel organ" imitations in the north, gave a recital at the Bow and Bromley Institute recently. He can really play well, and now that he appears to have dropped his "barrel organ imitations" and other mountebank tricks, I have no doubt he will earn a deservedly good reputation as a performer. The organist of St. John's Cathedral, Hong Kong, Mr. C. F. Sangster, has resigned after thirty-five years service. The Hon. Richard Strutt, secretary of the Church Orchestral Society, has prepared for publication a list of church music performed this Lent and Eastertide. Mr. Hope-Jones recently lectured to the Edinburgh section of the I.S.M. on electric organ building. He advocated smaller and simpler organs, saying that the tendency to make them large and complicated (and unmanageable in proportion) was on the increase.

JUBAL (JUNIOR).

## Mr. J. T. Field.

WE take the liberty of reprinting part of an article on this eminent organist, which appeared in our contemporary, *Pianissimo*, some two or three years ago. It contains the main facts of Mr. Field's career.

"If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well." Such is Mr. Field's belief, and it is because he acts up to his belief that the organ, choir, and organist of Christ Church are each in their several capacities amongst the best in the neighbourhood. His instrument is now a four manual electric organ, which, when complete, will have sixty-four stops. The post at Christ Church was offered him about eighteen years ago (he was at that time a pupil of Sir John Stainer and Dr. Bridge, of Westminster Abbey), and when he left St. German's, where he had been two years under the Rev. H. Martyn Hart, he at once thoroughly overhauled his new instrument. At eight every morning he was to be found in Lee Park with the tuners, and every single stop was voiced under his own personal supervision. The beautiful *voix celeste* on the swell, which every one who is an habitué of the Church knows and loves so well, was introduced by Mr. Field himself, and we well remember the look of astonishment on the faces of the seat-holders when its soft harmonies were given out for the first time as the introduction to an anthem one Sunday evening."

"Mr. Field's early ambition was to master the organ thoroughly, and in order to do this, he studied carefully every instrument in the orchestra, and even learned to play all of them after some fashion. 'I often hear,' he said, 'an organist play on his flute stop a passage that could be produced by no flute on earth.' Whilst discussing the instrument in the Liverpool Town Hall, and the value of the new electro-pneumatic organs, Mr. Field told us his opinion of the veteran Best. 'As a solo performer,' he said, 'he stands first. There is no man in the world that can beat him. I have heard him play the "Guillaume Tell" Overture, and few men, if any, could approach his masterly rendering of this great piece. I consider Fred Archer comes next.'

"Mr. Field, who, by the bye, is the choir-master as well as the organist, seldom or never uses the organ at practice. 'A choir should be able to sing without the organ. The choir is not the accompaniment; the voices should lead, the organ come second.' This proclaims him a true musician. He loves his organ more than anything, except perhaps its music, but he does not let his individuality assert itself and drown the choir. A perfect musical proportion of voice and instrument is his first aim. Mr. Field's best-known works are, of course, those written for the Church. His service known as "Field in D," and the Offertory Sentences are familiar to every organist. Lately his "Meditation" and "Danse Fantastique," for violin and piano, have had an enormous sale, especially in Germany—a great compliment for an Englishman. In his opinion, however, he has never written anything better than "God shall wipe away all tears," a short anthem which a good many of us have heard. It is impossible to give a complete list of his works. He says himself he does not know all that he has written, and that only the other day he was laughed at for favourably criticising the accompaniment to a song which turned out to be his own work.

"Mr. Field has been enrolled a member of the council of the N.S.P.M. He is also war-

den of the Guild of Organists, Licentiate of Trinity College, Associate of the Philharmonic Society, and a host of other things which we have not space to mention. But his most useful work, perhaps, is being done in connection with the Guild of Organists. This institution, largely through his efforts and those of its Hon. Secretary, Mr. Townend, is rapidly become the society for organists to join. The portrait appearing in the April issue as Mr. Ferris Tozer was published in error, and is that of Mr. J. T. Field.

## The Academies.

### THE LONDON ACADEMY.

THIS Institution has re-opened for the summer term with an even larger number of pupils than at the same period last year. Mr. Turner-Kesteven, a young pianist who formerly studied here and then went to Leipzig, has returned to England and joined the staff of the London Academy. The usual examinations will take place towards the end of the term, but have not yet heard who will distribute the medals and diplomas.

### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The terminal performance by members of the operatic class took place in April, when successful representations of the second Act of Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* and Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* were given before a large audience, the principal parts being allotted as follows:—

#### The Flying Dutchman.

Daland ... ..	Mr. J. W. Foster.
Senta ... ..	Miss Annie Morrison.
Erik ... ..	Mr. Wright Beaumont.
Mary ... ..	Miss Charlotte Walters.
Van der Decken... ..	Mr. Arthur Walenn.

#### Cavalleria Rusticana.

Santuzza ... ..	Miss Katie Thomas.
Turiddu ... ..	Mr. Gwilym Richards.
Lucia ... ..	Miss Lydia Care.
Alfio ... ..	Mr. Albert Henning.
Lola ... ..	Miss Gertrude Bevan.

A large number of scholarships have recently been decided at this school. Amongst the more important may mention the following:—

**The Sterndale Bennett Prize.** The competition took place on March 23. The examiners were Miss Annie Cantelo, Miss Fanny Davies, and Madame Alma Haas (in the chair). The prize was awarded to Gertrude Peppercorn, and the examiners highly commended Edith O. Greenhill, Edith Pratt, Alicia A. Needham, and Ida C. Betts.

**The Robert Cocks Prize for Male Students.** This was competed for on March 21. The examiners were Messrs. Gustav Ernest, Max Laistner, and Charlton T. Speer (chairman). The prize was awarded to George Aitken, and the examiners highly commended Christopher Wilson.

**The Louisa Hopkins Prize.** Messrs. Ernest Fowles and Richard Rickard and Miss Adelina de Lara examined the candidates on March 18. Miss Lily West was commended, but Miss Sybil Palliser got the prize, which makes about the hundredth (imagine) captured by this enterprising young lady.

**The Evill Prize.** The competition took place on March 16. The examiners were Mrs. Helen Trust and Miss Hilda Wilson, and the prize was given to Miss Jane Spicer.

**The Mendelssohn Scholarship.** As owing to one cause or another our own account of this is not yet to hand, I quote from our esteemed contemporary the *Musical Standard*: "The final competition for this important musical scholarship took place at the Royal Academy of Music on Tuesday, the 9th inst., when, of the four candidates left, Christopher Wilson, a student at the Royal Academy of Music, was se-

lected by the committee as the future scholar. Mr. Wilson was born at Melbourne, Derbyshire, in October, 1874, and at a very early age developed a marked talent for music, both as a composer and as a performer on the pianoforte, organ, violin, and viola. In 1889 he gained the first Choral Scholarship at Derby School, and acted as honorary organist there until 1892, when he left to become a student at the Royal Academy of Music. His progress at that institution has been extremely successful, and he has been awarded bronze medals for harmony, sight-singing, and pianoforte in his first year, silver medals for the same studies in his second year, and in 1894 was bracketed equally with Miss Sybil Palliser for the Agnes Zimmermann prize, and this year highly commended for the Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co.'s prize for pianoforte playing, and the Charles Mortimer prize for composition. He has now surpassed all these by winning the above-mentioned scholarship, which is the highest distinction within the attainment of a musical student. Mr. Wilson has, however, in the pursuit of his musical studies not neglected other branches of his education; for while at Derby School he proved himself a good classical and mathematical scholar, and in addition was a member of the first team both in cricket and football."

**The Charles Mortimer Prize for Composition.** The competition came off on 6th April. The examiners were Messrs. Myles B. Foster, Ernest Ford, and Edward German. The prize was awarded to Sybil Palliser, and the examiners commended Hubert G. Oke and Christopher Wilson.

### THE ROYAL COLLEGE.

The Tenth Examination for Certificate of Proficiency, carrying the title of Associate of the Royal College of Music (A.R.C.M.), was concluded on 5th April, 1895, at the College. The examiners were Messrs. Hubert Parry, W. H. Cummings, Esq., E. Dannreuther, Esq., Eaton Faning, Esq., Willy Hess, Esq., Dr. G. C. Martin, Professor E. F. Arbos, Professor J. F. Bridge, Professor Sir Walter Parratt, Professor Ernst Pauer, Professor Franklin Taylor, Professor Albert Visetti, H. Blower, J. Egerton, F. E. Gladstone, W. E. Whitehouse.

One hundred and thirty-eight candidates were examined. The following were declared by the Examiners to have obtained the certificates:—

**THEORY.**—Elles, Edith D.; Langdon, John A.; Mactaggart, John.

**PIANOFORTE (Solo Performance).**—Blyte, Beryl O.; Branwell, Maud; Carpenter, Mary; Garside, Isabel M.; Gould, Madame Nina H.; Toms, Gwendolyn; Walter, Ada L.

**PIANOFORTE (Teaching).**—Akeroyd, Arthur T.; Baker, Evelyn I.; Barrett, Theresa N.; Bindon, Lilian, A. S.; Blight, Lilian Ernestine; Bolam, Mary B.; Cave, Ethel E.; Cooke, Alice F.; Ellis, Maggie C.; Ferguson, Helen C.; Ferguson, Phemie; Flavell, Marion B.; Frames, Frieda F.; Gabriel Florence; Gott, Clara L.; Graham, Isabella M.; Greenham, Julia B.; Hastings, Annie G.; Hayward, Thomas S.; Hay, Lilian; Henry, Maud B.; Hoggett, Thomas J.; Irwin, Walter; James, Edith S.; Jeffery, May S.; Knapp, Ethel H.; Lloyd-Jones, Gertrude A.; Low, Alexander; Marlow, Mrs. Eleanor K.; Maud, Fanny, I. M.; McCowan, Agnes; McCowan, Grace; Mertens, Bertha M.; Mitchell, Jessie V.; Nightingale, Harriette J.; Pearl, Winifred E.; Read, Margaret A.; Reynolds, Charlotte H. I.; Riseley, Constance; Russell, Sarah E.; Smith, Emma; Swann, Frank E.; Thorp, Edith E.; Watt, Norah M.; Williamson, Alice M. J.

**SINGING (Solo Performance).**—Burgum, John E.; Chapman, Florence; Hilton, Herbert; Oxburgh, Emma F.; Power, Florence M.

**SINGING (Teaching).**—Davis, Laura; Power, Florence M.; Rowe, Mary.

**ORGAN.**—Boseley, William D.; Dale, Ernest; Loud, John H.; Morris, Herbert C.

**VIOLIN.**—Ferguson, Helen C.; Thomas, Kathleen A.; Wraith, Ettie.

**VIOLONCELLO.**—Littlehales, Lilian; Smith, Emma.

**CLARINET.**—Anderson, George W.



## THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

The Guildhall School has lately gone in for moderate carousing on the strength of the recovery of its Principal from his dangerous illness, and the election of a new chairman. On the 23rd of last month the professors met in the concert-room, and presented Sir Joseph Barnby with a pretty album and a silver tray, and congratulated him on the above-mentioned recovery. On the Wednesday previous Mr. T. H. Ellis had asked all hands to a "spread," as say the vulgar, at the Albion, Aldersgate Street. After the dinner was eaten, toasts were proposed and drunk in plenty, and if every one had drunk much as some of the speakers talked no doubt the whole of the Guildhall School would have put in an appearance at the Mansion House next morning. It does not seem, however, that they did so. If the talk was excessive, the drinking was kept within bounds, and the meeting, with the exception of those who had spoken, dispersed in rather low spirits "late in the evening." I do not mean to say that those who had spoken did not disperse then also, but their spirits were higher than the spirits of those who had been compelled to listen. The worst offenders were Mr. Webb, the chairman (who insisted upon giving a long string of facts that every one knew at least as well as himself), Mr. Taylor, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Cummings (who, by the way, is always in any musical function), Mr. Prout, who should have known better, and Mr. Klein, who teaches singing, we understand, in the Guildhall School, and criticises singers, we know, in various papers. The names of the principal sufferers have not been disclosed.

## Music in Glasgow.

AM about to chronicle the end of our musical season, and regret I cannot congratulate the enterprising entrepreneurs on financial results; but if they take heart from the saying, that they are "casting their bread on the waters," the returns may yet be satisfactory. The principal event, if not the greatest musically, was Messrs. Harrison's last Subscription Concert, managed by Messrs. Muir, Wood & Co., at which Madame Albani was the bright particular star, and completely captivated her hearers by her magnificent singing. Without exception she is the greatest artist vocally, either on stage or platform, who has appeared here this season. Her rendering of "Elizabeth's Prayer," from *Tannhäuser*, was perfection in feeling and dramatic power. The other artists were Madame Gomez, Meister Glee Singers, Mdlle. Vanbrugh, Herr Schönberger, etc., who have all been heard already this season. They gave universal satisfaction to a large audience, which completely filled St. Andrew's Hall.

The closing concert in connection with the Athenæum School of Music was given in the same hall on the evening of Wednesday, the 20th ult. The most interesting item on the programme was the *Lemore Overture*, by Beethoven, splendidly played by the pupils, and conducted by Mr. Elkan Kosman, who is now in connection with this institution as leading professor of the violin and conductor of the orchestral class for ensemble playing. Of importance also was the singing of the Ladies' Choir in Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*, conducted by Principal Macbeth, the parts being well balanced, and every attention given to passages requiring delicacy in light and shade.

The various professors had show pupils on the Organ, Pianoforte and Violin, who displayed genuine ability. The three ladies who played a movement each of De Beriot's Concert for Violin, deserve special mention. The three movements in Beethoven's C Minor Concerto for Piano were allotted in a similar manner, and we consider it a happy innovation.

The young lady who sang "A Woodland Serenade" (Mascheroni), displayed considerable vocal training and perfect command of voice. The same applies to the gentleman who sang Principal Macbeth's new song, "The Brooch of Lorn."

Our season may be said to have closed with a Pianoforte Recital under Patterson & Son's auspices, given in Queen's Rooms on Monday evening, March

25, the artist being the Mr. Josef Slivinski who has been heard here in the early part of the season. This fact rather helped to bring out a respectable gathering not usually accorded to single-handed players of late. His reception was good and distinctly merited. The programme was much on the old lines: "The Harmonious Blacksmith," Bach's Toccata and Fugue, Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 81, Chopin's Sonata, Op. 35, etc., etc.

The Amateur Orchestra gave their final concert in St. Andrew's Hall, on 13th ult., under the direction of Mr. T. W. Hoeck. This enterprising combination still makes favourable progress both musically and in public favour. The programme was selected entirely from Scotch composers, which made it rather hard on young players, but they got through the ordeal with credit. The best-played items were Mackenzie's *Colomba* Prelude and Variations on Norwegian Melody, by Labach. The programme also contained Highland Suite for Orchestra by Chas. Macpherson. Violin solos and four songs very creditably performed made a good programme, and all concerned are to be congratulated on the result.

## Music in Exeter.

IT was only in the last issue of "The Magazine" that I lamented that matters musical had been so dull for such a long time. Since then this seems to have been made up for. The principal event has of course been the concert given by Mr. Norman Kendall, of the Cathedral Choir. This was a revival of the series of subscription concerts given for just twenty years by Mr. Farley Clank previous to his removal to London. The artists were Miss Ella Russell, Miss Beata Francis, Miss Cindo, Mdme. Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Harrison Brockbank, Signor, Campani, Signor Novaro, Miss Janotha, Messrs. Max Mossel and M. de Jong, with Mr. Spencer Lorraine as accompanist. Certainly, with such an array as this, the big Victoria Hall should have been full. As it was there were more vacant chairs than we cared to see. The proceedings were of an enthusiastic description, the chief favourites being Mdme. Sterling (who had a very cordial reception), Miss Ella Russell, and Miss Janotha. In the evening there was a very full audience, and encores were almost numberless and were readily responded to.

After this we had a run of concerts, no less than seven being given in two nights, Mr. F. J. Shepherd's invitation concert being, as usual, one of the most enjoyable of them. Some of them were organised in aid of the fund for relief of local distress, and very successful, musically and financially, they were.

The full rehearsal of the works for the approaching Festival of the Western Counties' Musical Association stimulates interest in the annual event. I have been present at nearly every one of these, and I confess that the satisfaction afforded me seems but to whet the appetite for "more." I should, however, have wished the Association to have made other than the present choice of works for the Festival. Of course one has nothing to urge against Mendelssohn's sublime oratorio *the Elijah* (the selection for the morning concert) other than the ground of familiarity, apart from which the Association has itself produced it some two or three times during its sixteen or seventeen years' existence. Surely there are plenty of newer works—I will not say better—which are worthy the attention of the Association, and which have never been heard in Exeter yet? For the evening concert the choice is Macfarren's *May Day* with a miscellaneous selection. I may mention that the arrangements are this year on an even more elaborate scale than usual. The orchestra will number about sixty. The chorus will be the largest the Association has ever got together, namely, 400, drawn from the various branches. The components are 170 sopranos, 100 altos, 54 tenors, and 78 basses. The soloists are all West country singers, viz., the Misses Florence and Bertha Salter (who have lately made such a favourable impression in London), Mr. Dean Trotter, tenor, and Mr. Douglas Powell, bass. Misses Salter and Mr. Powell have recently been singing under Mr. Manns

and Sir J. Barnby, who have given them the highest testimonials. Mr. D. J. Wood, Mus. Bac., will again conduct, so that everything promises a successful festival. I was present at the full rehearsal on Thursday, when most of the chorus and orchestra were in attendance. There then seemed to be a preponderance of the soprano element, but as most of the absentees were from the bass division, there will no doubt be a better balance on the day of the Festival. At the rehearsal all did their work in a conscientious, painstaking manner, the defects being comparatively slight and easily remedied. A remarkably fine performance is undoubtedly foreshadowed. Mr. J. Pardew, Plymouth, will lead the band, and Mr. E. M. Vinnicombe will be at his usual place at the organ.

EXETER, March 15.

W. C.

## Music in Wandsworth.

CYMPSON'S cantata, *The Daughter of Jairus*, was given here on March 26, under the conductorship of Mr. Creswell. Considering that the choir had been organized only for this performance, they did their work very creditably, the only fault being that the first few bars in one or two of the choruses were not taken up as brightly as they might have been. This was notably the case in "Blessed are the pure in heart." The solos were sung by Madame Touzeau, Miss Lina Stammers, Mr. Maskell Hardy, and Mr. H. E. Howard. In the second part of the concert the choir gave several part-songs. In "Dame Durden" the tenors and basses were lamentably weak, consequently this was rather tame. Not so Spofforth's "Hail, Smiling Morn," which the choir sang with expression and taste. Each of the artists gave a song, and was well received.

The South London Orchestral Society gave a concert at the Town Hall, Lavender Hill, on March 27. Even since their last concert considerable improvement has been made, and I have no hesitation in saying that this Society ranks as the first in the locality. The programme opened with Schubert's Symphony in B minor, which was given with great delicacy and considerable expression; and a really remarkable rendering of Greig's orchestral suite, "Peer Gynt," was secured. In the second movement the instruments were beautifully balanced and kept well under by the conductor. The slow movement and finale of Mendelssohn's violin concerto were finely given by Miss Emily Hardy. Mr. Sinclair Dunn was in good form, and gave "McGregor's Gathering" in a most thrilling manner. Miss Constance Barber—a lady possessing a very rich contralto voice—sang Mascagni's "Pregiera" creditably. Coming to the second part of the programme, the three dances from "Henry VIII." have been done better by this orchestra, hardly enough light and shade being put into them on this occasion. However, this deficiency was made up by a highly-finished rendering of "Ruy Blas," which brought a successful concert to a close.

The fourth and last concert of the season by the Wandsworth Choral Society took place on Good Friday, when they gave Handel's *Messiah*. In the opening overture and the recitative "Comfort ye my people," the violins were sadly out of tune; in fact, all through the oratorio the orchestra was rough and faulty, at times even drowning the choir. Miss Rose Daffhorne sang "He shall feed His flock" very tastefully, her rich contralto voice evidently being much admired by the audience. No doubt the chorus, "Surely He hath borne our griefs," was well sung, but excepting the few first and the last bars, all we heard was the orchestra: less than half the volume of orchestral tone would have been ample. In "All we like sheep" the tenors were remarkably good, but unfortunately the basses were just as poor. However, in "Lift up your heads" the parts were nicely balanced, and this was done very well. Miss Alice Simons' beautiful rendering of "I know that my Redeemer liveth" was by far her best solo. Mr. F. Williams sang "Thou shalt break them" with the necessary vigour, the choir finishing with a quite praiseworthy rendering of the "Amen."

F. C.

## Music in Oxford.

HILARY (LATTER PART) TERM.

ON Tuesday, February 19, a most interesting lecture was given at the Sheldonian Theatre by Sir John Stainer, on Handel's *Messiah*. Illustrations were given by Miss Bué, Miss Balzani, Mr. E. J. Day, and Mr. Lomas, assisted by the Coryphæus choir and orchestra (of strings only), supplemented by Mr. Basil Harwood at the organ, the finest illustration being the chorus, "Break forth into joy," which is not now included in the present editions of the *Messiah*. This was followed by a performance of the same work on February 21, by the Oxford Choral and Philharmonic Society. The soloists engaged were Miss Tree, Miss Morgan, Messrs. Leyland and Ferguson. Miss Tree was heard to advantage in "Come unto Me," "I know that my Redeemer," Miss Morgan has an excellent voice, and, in a mellow tone, sang, "O Thou that tellest," and "He was despised," the latter indeed being a very fine rendering. Mr. Leyland, who first appeared, we believe, in Oxford last June, still maintained the favourable impression he then created; his solos were rendered with taste, especially the recitatives. Mr. Ferguson was very successful in "For behold," "The people that walked," "Why do the nations," the latter in a very dramatic style, and "The trumpet shall sound," Mr. Solomon's rendering of the Trumpet obligato being very fine indeed. As regards the chorus, though they had been well trained, they were a little inclined to run away from their conductor, chiefly in the choruses that deal with the Passion. However, with Mr. Burnett as leader of the orchestra, and Dr. Varley Roberts at the organ, the performance was a good one. Mr. F. C. Woods, Mus. Bac., ably fulfilled the task of conductor.

On February 26 the fifth of the Public Classical Concerts was given at the Sheldonian. The following were the artists: Dr. Joachim, Messrs. Ludwig, Gibson and Ould, the vocalist being Miss Fillunger. Haydn's String Quartet in C major, Op. 17, No. 5, and Beethoven's Quartet in E $\flat$ , Op. 74, were given in a masterly style. Dr. Joachim delighted the large audience with his brilliant rendering of Tautini's Violin Sonata in G minor (Trillo del Diavolo). Miss Fillunger gave Schubert's "Young Nun," and also "Three Volkslieder" by Brahms, being recalled after each performance. Mr. E. Walker was the accompanist.

On the 6th a most interesting and valuable musical lecture was given by Dr. J. Varley Roberts in the Sheldonian on "Madrigals." The illustrations, which were given by the Magdalen College Choir, assisted by the chaplains of Magdalen, Rev. A. H. Patrick, Jackson and Carter, were excellently rendered, and without accompaniment, the theatre being crowded. In the course of his remarks the lecturer said that the term madrigal consisted of short pieces of poetry. According to the late Mr. W. A. Barnett there were two kinds, having reference to (a) poetry, (b) music; the former ranked as highest because of its great antiquity. At a later period these verses were set to music, and in the early times the madrigal was simply a song, popular words being added, musicians taking the melodies and enriching them with their skill, and finally converting them into madrigals. In Weelkes' first set of madrigals (1597) the words are those of Shakespeare; Drayton wrote those of J. Ward, and Sir C. Hatton those of Orlando Gibbons.

The greater number of English madrigals consisted of translations from Italian sonnets, such as, for instance, "Lady, when I behold" (Wilbye), and "Sweet honey-sucking bees." The exact derivation of the word "madrigal" remains hidden in oblivion. The eminent composer, Thomas Morley (obit 1604) could not trace its origin. Sir George Grove says that there are four different answers as to the origin of the term: (1) The Italian *madre* meaning a sonnet to Our Lady. (2) From a Greek word meaning a sheep-fold, from the pastoral nature of the composition. (3) a corruption of the Spanish *madrugada*, "the dawn" or *mattinata* "morning song." (4) The name of a town in old Castile.

The great difference between a chorus and a

madrigal is that in the latter there is no instrumental accompaniment, and the harmony of the vocal parts being perfectly complete in itself. The year 1500 may be taken as the commencement of madrigal writing, being heard of in the Low Countries about the middle of the fifteenth century.

Arcadelt ... .. 1490-1575  
Waelrant ... .. 1517-1595  
Orlando di Lasso ... .. 1520-1594

The following illustrations were given, the lecturer giving a short life of each composer before the work was performed:—

1. "Matona, lovely maiden" ... by Lassus (1520-1594).
  2. "Down in a flow'ry vale" ... by Festa (1490-1545).
  3. "Lady, see on every side" ... by Marenzio (1560-1599).
  4. "In going to my lonely bed" ... by Edwards (1523-1566).
  5. "My bonny lass she smileth" ... by Morley (1557-1604).
  6. "Since first I saw your face" ... by Ford (1580?-1648).
  7. "Come again, sweet love" ... by Dowland (1562-1626).
- (No. 7 was left out in order to save time.)
8. "In the merry spring" ... by Ravenscroft (1582-1630).
  9. "The silver swan" ... by Gibbons (1583-1625).

Messrs Russell & Co. gave a grand ballad concert in the Sheldonian Theatre on March 7. Owing to the indisposition of Madame Albani, an able substitute was secured in the services of Miss Ella Russell, who sang Weber's "Softly sighs"; for *encore* she gave "Ronald and I." Later in the programme, Leon's "Two poets" and "Robin Adair" were rendered in a very artistic style. Miss Clara Butt fairly brought down the house in Gounod's "O ma lyre immortelle," the *encore* being "The silver ring." In the second part of the programme she sang Cowen's new song, "The Psalm of Life," and being persistently *encored*, gave "Barbara Allen." Mr. Charles Chilly, now an established favourite with Oxford concert-goers, sang Pilati's "She whom I love so well," the last verse of which had to be repeated as an *encore*, and Goring Thomas's "O vision entrancing." Signor Foli gave Mozart's "Quisdegno" and Pinsuti's "Bedouin Love Song," and joined Mr. Chilly in Cooke's "Love and War." Miss Beatrice Langley, the violinist, played "Nocturne" by J. Ludwig, "Ungarische Tanz" (5) Brahms-Joachim, and "Am Meer" Schubert-Wilhelmj. Signor Mattei, the solo pianist and conductor, was *encored* for the brilliant rendering of his own compositions (a) "Reverie Passionée," and (b) "Without Fear," and gave another of his own works, "The Magnet," in response. The audience was below the average, the non-appearance of Madame Albani being a considerable disappointment to many.



## Music in Newcastle.

ON March 26 Mr. Alfred Oppenheim, a local violinist, gave a recital in the Grand Assembly Rooms, assisted by his brother, Mr. Sigmund Oppenheim (pianist), and Miss Nellie Gosnell (vocalist). Mr. Oppenheim is now residing in Newcastle, and I hear he intends to give more recitals shortly. His programme was divided into two parts, Part I. consisting of:—

1. Sonata, Piano and Violin, Op. 13 A. Rubinstein.
2. Recit. and Cavatina. "Nobil Signor" (from Gli Ugonotti) ... Meyerbeer.
3. Violin Solo. Adagio (from G minor Concerto) M. Bruch.

The Sonata was the better of the two instrumental pieces. To quote from a notice in the *Leipzig News* (which is equally applicable to this performance),

"Herr Oppenheim has again shown his exceptional technique and brilliancy. By his treatment of this sonata, he proved himself not only a player but also an interpreter of Rubinstein, and showed great likeness to one of our greatest violinists who played this sonata a short time ago."

Part II. included:—

Piano Solos (a) Scherzo (Brahms); (b) Romance (Schumann); (c) Traumeswirren (Schumann); (a) Ballade (Reinecke).

Recit. and Aria, "The Jewel Song" (from Faust) (Gounod).

Violin Solo (a) Nocturne (Chopin-Sarasate); (b) Rhapsodie Hongroise (M. Hauser)

Piano Solos (a) Si oiseau j'étais (Henselt); (b) Berceuse (Chopin); (c) Venezia e Napoli (Liszt).

Mr. Sigmund Oppenheim is evidently one of the vigorous school of pianists, but in some of the pieces he showed a delicacy of touch which contrasted strongly with the thundering notes which had just preceded. This was especially noticeable in Henselt's "Si oiseau j'étais." Miss Gosnell, who sang the two songs "Nobil Signor" and "The Jewel Song," was very good indeed. In the latter song she took the audience by storm, and received an enthusiastic *encore*. Mr. Alfred Oppenheim played Chopin's "Nocturne" with pretty taste, and he also was recalled. The arrangements for the concert were carried out by Messrs. Hirschmann & Co.

On March 30 I went to the Church Institute to hear Stainer's "Crucifixion." There was a chorus of fifty voices, and Mr. E. J. Gibbon conducted. The soloists were seven in number, including Mr. W. Lyall (Newcastle Cathedral) bass, and Mr. Frederic Spencer, tenor. The choruses were well sung, which is more than can be said for most of the solos. The second part consisted of sacred songs, anthems, etc. Mr. Lyall sang a sacred (?) scena entitled "The Wreck of the Hesperus." I have yet to find the sacred portion of this poem, unless it is the single verse out of the whole twenty-two, where "the maiden clasped her hands and prayed." Mr. Frederic Spencer took the tenor solo in Dr. J. V. Roberts' anthem, "Seek ye the Lord," and sang well. This concert concludes the Saturday evening concerts and entertainments given at the Church of England Institute this season.

On April 4, the Northumberland Orchestral Society gave an invitation concert in the Town Hall. Their programme was:—

- Overture, "Yelva" ... C. G. Reissiger.  
Song, "Che Faro Senza Euridice" ... Gluck.  
Symphony, No. 4 ... Neils W. Gade.  
Vorspiel, "King Manfred" ... C. Reinecke.  
Song, "Shepherds' Cradle Song" ... Somerwell.  
Violin Solo, "Cavatine" ... Hans Sitt.  
Song, "When all was Young" ... Gounod.  
Overture, "Di Ballo" ... Sullivan.

The symphony by Gade with its five movements was, of course, the piece of the night. It was played very well, but not so well received as Reinecke's Vorspiel, which was *encored*. The violin solo, played by Mr. J. H. Beers, was well rendered. The clearness and softness with which he produced the notes showed that his right hand is in no danger of losing its cunning. Madame Marie Bellas was the vocalist. I have never heard her in better trim. Her first song, "Che faro senza Euridice," was the best from a critic's point of view, but did not "take" so well as the "Shepherds' Cradle Song" (which was *encored*), and "When all was Young." Madame Bellas may indeed be congratulated on her performance. The audience waxed very enthusiastic over her singing, and clearly showed their appreciation of it. Mr. J. H. Beers conducted the first part of the programme, and Mr. Cuthbert Horsley the second until the last song, when Mr. Beers again took the baton. The Orchestra (which was a mixed one), was led by Mr. Abrams and Miss Beers. The songs were accompanied by six violins with other instruments, and the effect was superb. Altogether it was a very enjoyable concert. OCTAVIUS.







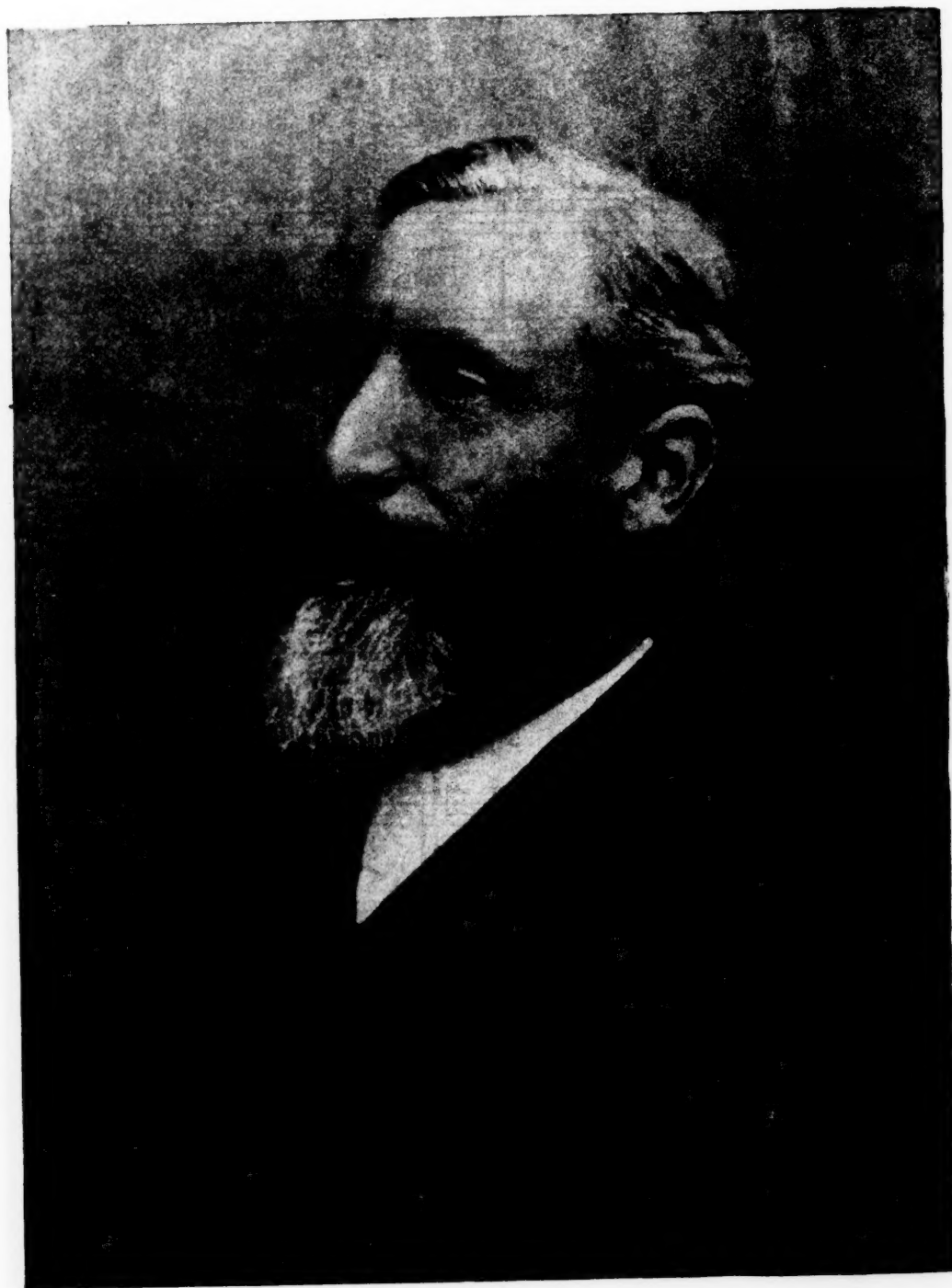


Ernest Bailey lith. Edinburgh

RICHARD WAGNER







Yours very faithfully,  
Grant Allen.





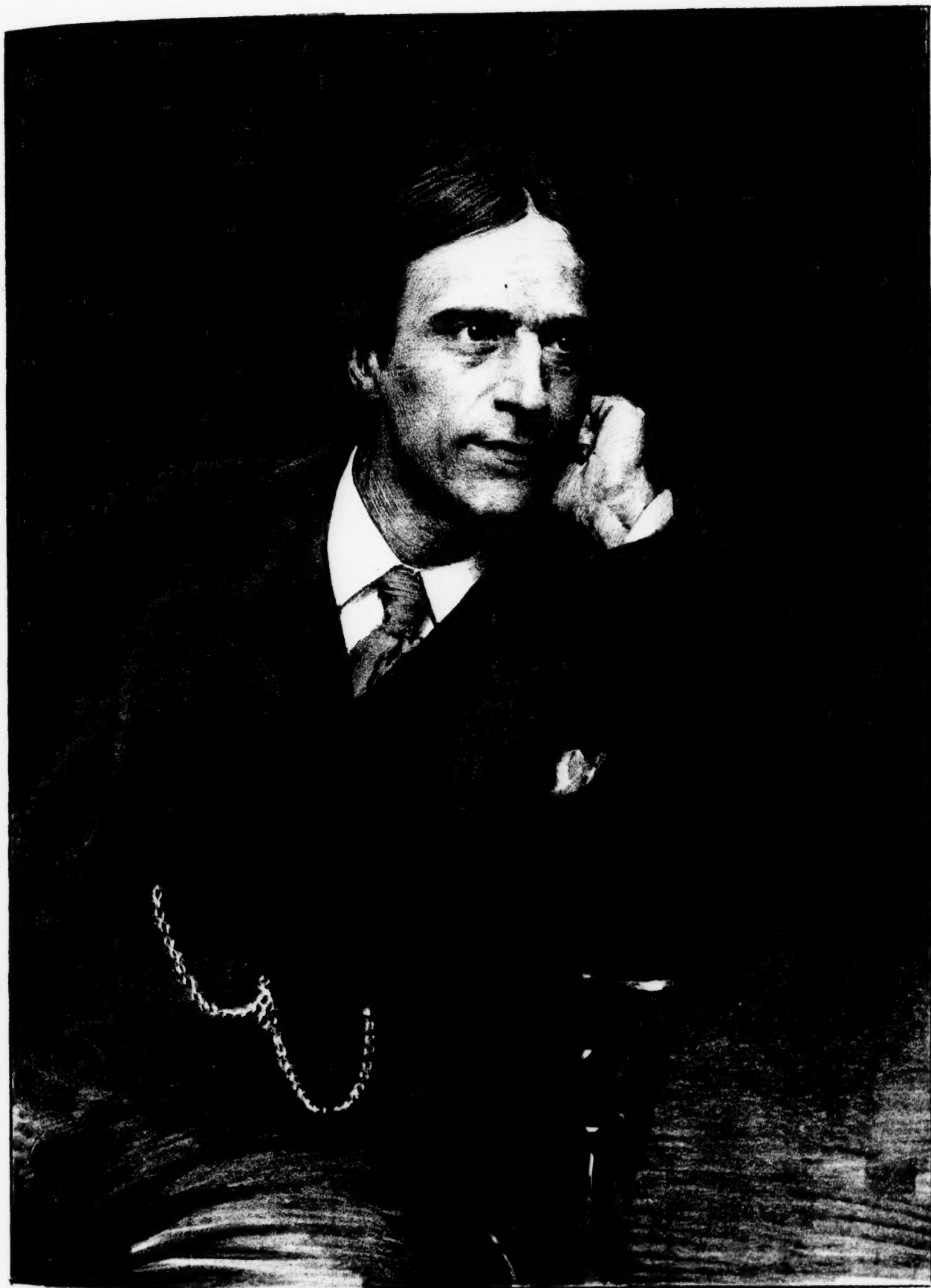
MR HENRY BIRD



MR FERRIS TOZER, MUS. BAC.







Ernest Bailey, Lith. Edinburgh.

PROFESSOR HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A.





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# THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

(WHEN OTHER LIPS)

M. W. BALFE.

Andante cantabile.

VOICE.

PIANO.

*dolce*

*p*

*cresc.*

*rall.*

*a tempo*

*pp*

1. When o - ther lips and o - ther hearts Their  
2. cold - ness or de - ceit shall slight The

tales of love shall tell, In lan - guage whose ex - cess im - parts The  
beau - ty now they prize, And deem it but a fa - ded light Which





powr they feel so well, There may per - haps in such a scene, Some  
beams with-in your eyes, When hol - low hearts shall wear a mask, 'Twill

re - col - lec - tion be, Of days that have as hap - py been, And  
break your own to see, In such a mo - ment I but ask That

you'll re - mem - ber me, and you'll re-mem-ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.  
you'll re - mem - ber me, that you'll re-mem-ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.

1. 2. When

# LA, CI DAREM LA MANO!

DUET from DON GIOVANNI.

Andante.

DON GIOVANNI.

W. A. MOZART.

VOICE.

Là, ci da-rem la ma-no!      Là, mi di-rai di "sì,"      Ve-di, non è lon-  
*Hand link'd in hand, we'll wander,      Whisper but sweet con-sent,      Why dost thou pause and*

PIANO.

*p*

ZERLINA.

ta-no, Par-tiam ben mio, da qui.      Vor-rei, e non vor-re-i,      Mi tre-ma un po-co il  
*pon-der? Can'st thou so soon re-pent?      I dare, and yet I dare not.      A trem-bling chills my*

cor; Fe-li-ce è ver sa-re-i,      Ma può bur-lar-mi an-cor,      Ma può bur-lar-mi an-  
*breast;      I would I were, yet, were not,      By thy af-fec-tion blest!      By thy af-fec-tion*

DON GIOVANNI.

ZERLINA.

cor! Vie-ni, mio bel di-let-to! (Mi fa pie-tà Ma-set-to!)  
*blest!      Come, then, my joys part-a-king! (Mi for-mer love for-sak-ing?)*



DON GIOVANNI.

ZERLINA.

Io can-gie-rò tua sor - te! Pre - sto, non son più for - te, non son più for - te, non son più  
*Grandly thy fate shall al - ter, Faint - ly the will doth fal - ter, the will doth fal - ter, the will doth*

*mf* *p*

DON GIOVANNI.

ZERLINA.

for - te! Vie - ni! vie - - ni! Là ci da - rem la ma - no! Vor - rei, e non vor - re - i,  
*fal - ter. Come, o come, then! Hand linkd in hand we'll wander I dare, and yet, I dare not.*

*sf*

ZERLINA.

DON GIOVANNI.

Mi trema un po - co il cor;  
*A trembling chills my breast;*

Ma — può bur - lar - mi an -  
*By — thine af - fec - tion*

Là, mi di - rai di "sì"  
*Whisper but sweet con - sent*

Parti - am, ben mio da qui.  
*Canst thou so soon re - pent?*

cor.  
*blest;*

(Mi fa pie - tà Ma - set - to;)  
*(My for - mer love for - sa - king!)*

Pre - - sto non son più  
*Faint - ly the will doth*

Vie - ni, mio bel di - let - to,  
*Come, then, my joys par - ta - king!*

Io can-gie-rò tua sor - te!  
*Grand - ly thy fate shall al - ter.*

for-te, non son più for-te, non son più for-te!  
fal-ter, the will doth fal-ter, the will doth fal-ter.

An - diam!  
A - way!

An - diam! An - diam!  
A - way! A - way!

**Allegro.**

An-diam, an-diam mio be-ne A ri - sto-rar le pe-ne Dun in - no -  
A - way! nor long - er lan-guish To lull this pleas - ing an-guish Car - ess - ing

An-diam, an-diam mio be-ne A ri - sto-rar le pe-ne D'un in - no -  
A - way! nor long - er lan-guish To lull this pleas - ing an-guish In Love's ce -

**Allegro.**

cen - te a - mor!  
and car - essed!

An-diam, an-diam mio be-ne, A ri - sto-rar le  
A - way! nor long - er lan-guish, To lull this pleas - ing

cen - te a - mor!  
les - tial rest!

An-diam, an-diam mio be-ne, A ri - sto-rar le  
A - way! nor long - er lan-guish, To lull this pleas - ing

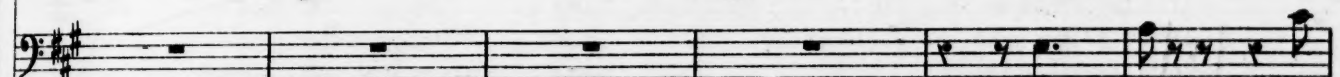


pe-ne— Dun in - no - cen - te a - mor!  
an-guish, Car-ess - ing, and car - essed!

pe-ne— Dun in - no - cen - te a - mor! An - diam!  
an-guish In Love's ce - les - tial rest! A - way!



An - diam! An - diam! An -  
A - way! A - way! A -



An - diam! An -  
A - way! A -



diam mio be-ne, an-diam! Le pe-ne a ri - sto-rar D'un in - no - cen-te a-mor!  
way! nor long - er stay, Like lov - ers true we're blest, Car - ess - ing and car-essed!



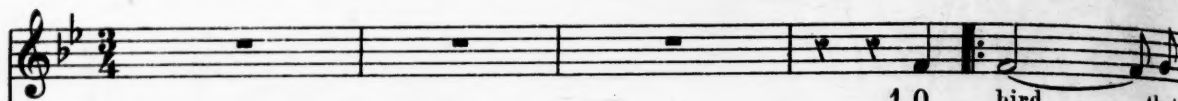
diam mio be-ne, an-diam! Le pe-ne a ri - sto-rar D'un in - no - cen-te a-mor!  
way! nor long - er stay, To lull this pleas-ing pain In Love's ce - les - tial rest!

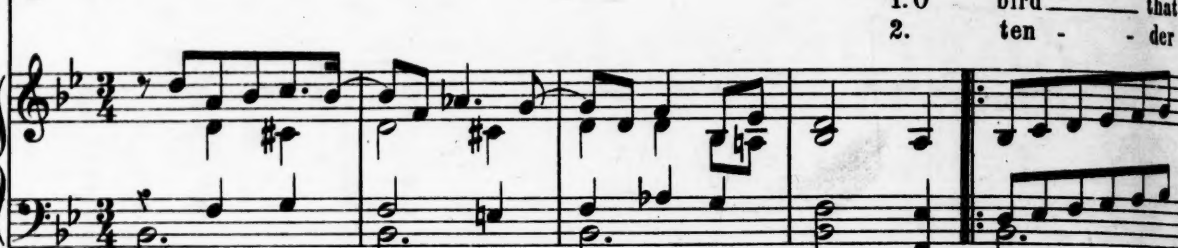


# O BIRD THAT USED TO PRESS.

Words by  
GEO. ELIOT.

Music by  
R. R. TERRY.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 

1. O bird — that  
2. ten — der

used to press Thy head a - gainst — my cheek, With touch that seemed — to  
dow-ing breast, O warmly beat - ing heart, Whose beat - ing seemed — a

speaking — And ask a ten - der ten - der yes. Ay de mi my  
part — Of me that gave it gave it rest. Ay de mi my

bird. Ay de mi — my bird. 

2. 0



# THE ELF.

Il piu presto possibile.

The musical score for "THE ELF." is written for piano and bass. It consists of six systems of two staves each. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo instruction is "Il piu presto possibile." (As fast as possible). The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4). The first system begins with a piano (pp) dynamic. The second system includes a "simile" instruction. The third system begins with a piano (p) dynamic. The fourth system includes a "simile" instruction. The fifth system includes a "simile" instruction. The sixth system begins with a piano (pp) dynamic. The score is marked with numerous "Ria" and "\*" symbols, likely indicating specific rhythmic patterns or fingerings. The notation is highly technical, with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes.

pp

Ria \* Ria \* Ria \* Ria \* Ria \* Ria \* Ria \* Ria

\* Ria \* simile

p

Ria \* Ria \* Ria \* Ria \* Ria \* Ria \* Ria \* Ria

\* Ria \* simile

pp

# MAZURKA.

F. CHOPIN, Op. 50. No. 1.

**Vivace.**

**PIANO.**

39263



This page contains seven systems of musical notation for a piano piece. Each system consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The music is written in a key with one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The notation includes various musical elements:

- Fingerings:** Numbers 1-4 are placed above or below notes to indicate fingerings. Some notes have multiple numbers, suggesting alternative fingerings.
- Dynamics:** *f* (forte), *p* (piano), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *rit.* (ritardando) are used throughout the piece.
- Articulation:** Slurs, accents, and staccato markings are present. Some notes are marked with a small 'x' or a star, possibly indicating a specific articulation or a correction.
- Rehearsal Marks:** Asterisks (\*) are placed below the staves at various points, likely indicating rehearsal positions.
- Tempo/Expression:** The piece begins with a tempo marking of *And.* (Andante) and includes a *ten.* (tension) marking in the fifth system.

The piece concludes with a *dimin.* (diminuendo) marking in the seventh system, followed by a final chord and a double bar line.

# ANDANTE FROM THE SONATA Op.120.

PIANOFORTE.

F. SCHUBERT.

The musical score is written for piano and features a variety of textures and dynamics. It begins with a *pp* (pianissimo) marking in the first system. The second system includes a section labeled 'A' and a *p* (piano) marking, followed by a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking. The third system features a section labeled 'B' and a *f* (forte) marking. The fourth system continues with a *pp* marking. The fifth system includes a *cresc.* marking. The sixth system features a section labeled 'C' and a *f* marking. The score is written in 2/4 time and D major.



Pianoforte.

This page of piano music is written for Pianoforte and consists of eight systems of staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is characterized by dense chordal textures and flowing melodic lines. Dynamics include *cresc.*, *f*, *p*, *pp*, and *dim.*. Articulation marks such as accents and slurs are used throughout. The piece is divided into sections labeled D, E, and F. The final system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

System 1: Treble and bass staves with dense chordal textures. Section D is marked above the staff.

System 2: Treble staff features a *cresc.* marking and a *f* dynamic. Bass staff has a *p* dynamic. Section D continues.

System 3: Treble staff has a *pp* dynamic and a *dim.* marking. Bass staff has a *pp* dynamic. Section E is marked above the staff.

System 4: Treble and bass staves with flowing melodic lines. Section E continues.

System 5: Treble staff has a *p* dynamic and a *pp* dynamic. Bass staff has a *f* dynamic. Section F is marked above the staff.

System 6: Treble and bass staves with flowing melodic lines. Section F continues.

System 7: Treble and bass staves with flowing melodic lines. Section F continues.

System 8: Treble and bass staves with flowing melodic lines. Section F continues. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

# ANDANTE FROM THE SONATA Op.120.

HARMONIUM.

F. SCHUBERT.

① C or 4

*pp*

A

*p* *cresc.*

B

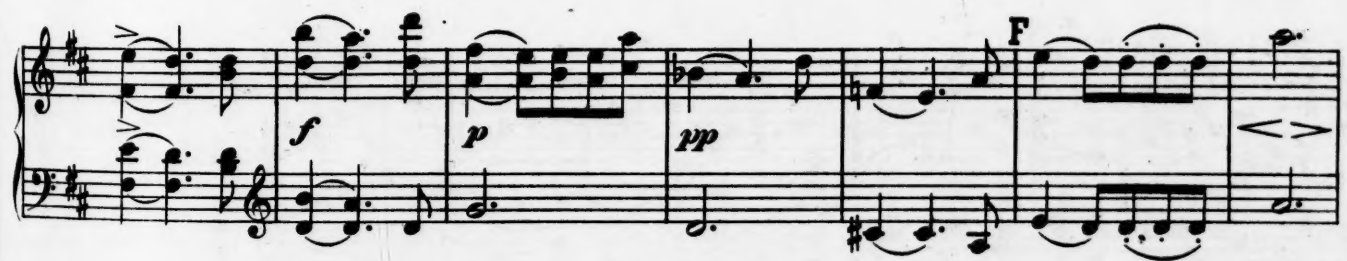
*f* *p*

C

*pp* *cresc.*



Harmonium.



# Aria from "Orpheus."

Andante espressivo.

Key: C-major.

Gluck.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *p*, *p*, *f*, *p*. Fingerings and articulations are indicated throughout. A first ending bracket labeled 'a)' spans the final measures of the system.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *f*, *p*, *f*, *ritard.*, *p*. The tempo marking 'Un poco agitato.' appears at the end of the system.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *f*, *p*, *f*. The system continues the melodic and harmonic development.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *p*, *ritard.*. The tempo marking 'Poco lento.' appears at the beginning of the system, and 'Tempo l.' appears at the end.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *p*, *f*, *p*. The system continues the melodic and harmonic development.

Sixth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *f*, *un poco ritenuto.*. The tempo marking 'un poco ritenuto.' appears in the middle of the system. A first ending bracket labeled 'c)' spans the final measures of the system.

a) written. played. b) written. played c) written. played.



# MOTHER'S PRAYER.

**Religioso.**  $\text{♩} = 104.$

*sempre legato*

*riten.*

*in tempo*

*p cresc..*

*sf*

*dimin.*

*p*

*dim. e rit.*

*tranquillo*

*Tempo I.*

*riten.*

*smorz.*

*pp*

# VALSE

in C Major.

Allegro. M.M. (♩ = 50) (♩ = 63)

M. CLEMENTI.

The musical score is written for piano and right hand. It consists of six systems of music. The piano part is in the left hand, and the right hand part is in the right hand. The key signature is C Major, and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is Allegro, marked with a metronome of 50 (♩ = 50) and 63 (♩ = 63). The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings (f, p, ff, pp). Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1, 2, 3, 4. The score is divided into sections by repeat signs and includes a trill (tr.) in the right hand. The piano part features a steady bass line with occasional chords and single notes. The right hand part is more melodic, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes, and some trills. The score ends with a final cadence in the right hand.



First system of musical notation, featuring treble and bass staves with various notes, rests, and fingerings (e.g., 1, 2, 3, 4).

Second system of musical notation, featuring treble and bass staves with various notes, rests, and fingerings (e.g., 1, 2, 3, 4). Dynamics include *p* and *pp*.

Third system of musical notation, featuring treble and bass staves with various notes, rests, and fingerings (e.g., 1, 2, 3, 4). Dynamics include *cresc.* and *f*.

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring treble and bass staves with various notes, rests, and fingerings (e.g., 1, 2, 3, 4). Dynamics include *f* and *p*.

Fifth system of musical notation, featuring treble and bass staves with various notes, rests, and fingerings (e.g., 1, 2, 3, 4). Dynamics include *f* and *ff*.

Sixth system of musical notation, featuring treble and bass staves with various notes, rests, and fingerings (e.g., 1, 2, 3, 4). Dynamics include *f* and *ff*. The word *ten.* is written above the treble staff.

Seventh system of musical notation, featuring treble and bass staves with various notes, rests, and fingerings (e.g., 1, 2, 3, 4). Dynamics include *f* and *ff*. The word *ten.* is written above the treble staff.

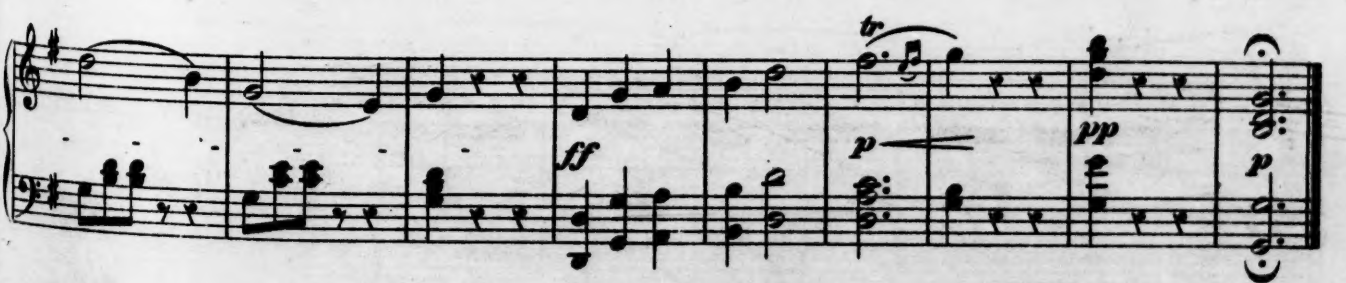
# ANDANTE IN G.

BATISTE.

Andante.

The musical score is written for piano and treble clef. It consists of six systems of music. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' and the dynamic is 'p' (piano). The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and fingerings. The first system shows a simple melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the piano. The second system continues the melody and bass line. The third system introduces a more complex melody with triplets and a bass line with chords. The fourth system features a rapid melody in the treble clef and a bass line with chords. The fifth system continues the rapid melody and bass line. The sixth system concludes the piece with a final melody and bass line.





# LIEDER OHNE WORTE.

Nº 1.

F. MENDELSSOHN, Op. 19.

Andante con moto.

VIOLONCELLO.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for Violoncello and Piano. It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked "Andante con moto." The Violoncello part starts with a whole note, followed by a half note, and then a series of eighth notes. The Piano part starts with a series of eighth notes, followed by a half note, and then a series of eighth notes. The score is divided into five systems. The first system includes the tempo marking and the initial notes. The second system continues the melodic lines. The third system includes dynamic markings "cresc." and "mf". The fourth system includes the marking "espress." and a forte "f" dynamic. The fifth system includes "dimin." and "espress." markings, leading to the final notes of the piece. The score is written in a clear, elegant style with standard musical notation.



*p* *dolce*

*cresc.* *f* *pp* *espress.*

*f* *dimin.* *p*

*cresc. poco* *4 a* *poco* *cresc.* *p*

*f* *cresc.* *p* *cresc.*

*f* *p*

Handwritten musical score, first system. The right hand (treble clef) features a melody with a *p dolce* marking. The left hand (bass clef) provides a rhythmic accompaniment with a *mf* marking. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

Handwritten musical score, second system. The right hand continues the melody with *espress.* and *cresc.* markings. The left hand accompaniment includes a *p* marking. The key signature remains one sharp.

Handwritten musical score, third system. The right hand features a *p ma espress.* marking. The left hand accompaniment includes a *p* marking and a *cresc.* marking. The key signature remains one sharp.

Handwritten musical score, fourth system. The right hand includes *espress.* and *dimin.* markings. The left hand accompaniment includes a *dimin.* marking. The key signature remains one sharp.

Handwritten musical score, fifth system. The right hand includes a *dimin.* marking. The left hand accompaniment includes a *dimin. poco* marking. The key signature remains one sharp.

Handwritten musical score, sixth system. The right hand includes a *morendo* marking. The left hand accompaniment includes a *poco* and *morendo* marking. The key signature remains one sharp.